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DAWN.

BY AUGUSTA HANCOCK.

A little child with laughter-loving eyes,
Soft-cradled on the peaceful breast of Life,
While in the distance fades the last pale star,
And wind-songs breathe of vict'ry after strife.

A little child, the rosy-fingered Dawn,
With golden sunlight on his waving hair,
And on his lips a tender smile of love
To bless the world, half sleeping, yet so fair.

He wakes the flow'rs with but a fleeting kiss,
And dew-drops glisten in the light of morn;
He wreathes a garland for his kingly crown,
And reigns in sunshine as the God-sent Dawn.

From the Dead Past.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCRUB," "A BITTER CUP," "LOVER AND LORD," "THE WYCHFIELD HORROR," "A SILVER WEDDING," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the story ends, Rosalie falls back with a deep-drawn breath and cries involuntarily—

"Then he has not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you? No!" It is Dora's turn now to laugh aloud and long in all the assured triumph of hard-won victory. "You have betrayed yourself thoroughly at last, Rose. You may as well make a full confession now."

"Confession of what?"

All the hardihood has gone from Rosalie's tone.

"Of everything. I want to know what tie there is, or has been, between you and Walter Brackenbury. I want, if you will only trust me, to be your real friend!"

Rosalie eyes her with a timid doubt, not understanding even yet the nature she has to deal with.

"You are talking rather wildly, are you not, Dora?" she says, in the deprecating tone of a person who dares not say too much. "Supposing any secret, any tie to exist between Walter Brackenbury and me, anything that might make him seem disloyal to his present faith—how could you, Dolly's sister, be my friend?"

"Dolly's sister!" Dora echoes the words with supreme scorn. "You have put that relationship up as a bogey once before, Rosalie; knock it over now once for all. Look here—I am not going to talk heroics, pretend I have wrongs to average, a deep-rooted hatred to serve, or any rubbish of that sort; it would not be convincing, and it would not be true. But this is solid fact—it is just because I am Dolly's sister, and destined, I suppose, to be a nobody all my life, that I object to her taking so high a flight over my head. Fancy that child being turned into 'my lady' just because she has blue eyes and yellow hair! If it were Con, or Maggie even, one might stand it; but Dolly! It's too absurd! I was never very fond of her, she has been such a spoiled baby all her life; but I have a downright dislike to her now that she is set on a pedestal. So, if I can help you in any way to spoil her triumph, you see the fact of my being her elder sister, affronted and outshone, is very far from being an obstacle."

Even Rosalie Hurst, as she listens to the glibly uttered words, is slightly shocked, recognizing a nature meaner and more malignant than her own; but she does not reject the proffered alliance, only says, after a thoughtful pause—

"I have no wish to spoil Dolly's happiness; but I should like, before we meet in public, to see Walter Brackenbury again. Can you manage that for me?"

"Easily; and no one shall hear that you do not meet as strangers now. But, Rosalie, I am not to be kept in the dark. Walter was—your lover once?"

"He was my lover once, and I wore his engagement ring."

Dora's eyes sparkle vividly.

"More—tell me more; trust me entirely, Rose!"

Rosalie nods and proceeds to tell her tale; but within herself she says—

"I will trust you just so far as I am forced to do, and make all the use of you that I can—no more than that, Miss Dora Marsden. Ours is an unnatural alliance, and a domestic traitor is hardly likely to be true to me."

* * * * * *

"Well, Dora, what a pity we did not accept your bet! All your pocket-money would have gone at one fell swoop, for, after all, you see, Rosalie did not come."

"Con!" Jane Marsden looks across the table with a gentle reproach. Ruffling Dora's temper is a favorite pastime with the younger girls at the Rectory, but one of which the mild elder strongly disapproves; she thinks it both unkind and dangerous in the disproportionate resentment it rouses in Dora's breast as a rule. But, much to her surprise and a little to that of the half-remorseful Constance, Dora looks up with an ingenious smile and answers quite pleasantly—

"You can't expect me to share that regret. If I have lost credit as a sibyl, I have saved my scanty coin at least—no small consideration for an impecunious person. Consoled by that reflection, I don't mind admitting that I was wrong for once, and rather stupidly wrong too. I thought it quite safe to count on Rosalie's love of conquest; but I suppose you were right, and she would hardly exert herself to gain such poor tribute as the admiration of an almost married man."

"Well, now, you are magnanimous!" Con cries, opening her eyes in unfeigned admiration and wonder. "I ought not to have teased her, ought I, Jane? And, after all, your shrewd suspicions were half justified; Trix told us that Rosalie had dressed to come."

"Ah, 'half!' That would not have saved my purse," Dora agrees, with the same pleasant philosophical air. "So, as I said before, I am glad I did not bet. It is quite useless being sure of anything, even of such a seemingly reliable fact as Rosalie's vanity. But where are our turtle-doves?"

"Dolly has gone to the school-room; you know it is her sewing-class afternoon."

"And she has actually deserted the company of her Adonis for that of those gawky girls!" Dora raises her hands and eyes in mock wonder. "Well, Dolly is rehearsing the part of Lady Bountiful, I suppose; but it seems to me more like that of Christian martyr. I know, if I had a young man of my own, I would rather spend a summer afternoon with him."

"So would Dolly, no doubt," Miss Marsden says in a tone of gently severity; "but there is such a thing as duty, Dora, and our dear little Dolly never forgets that. As she is to be here now so short a time, she rightly thinks it would be cruel to neglect her girls, who are so fond of her, and whose work now she may well be proud."

"Moreover, her self-sacrifice is made moderately easy," Con chimes in merrily. "Walter goes with her to the school-house gate, where Trix is to meet them——"

"And then?"

"Then he will wander away for a stroll by himself and return to his post exactly at half-past four. So you see your 'Christian martyr' is only called upon to suffer modified pangs."

"A sort of pilgrim with the peas well boiled," Dora agrees promptly; but her manner is absent and thoughtful, and there is a queer pondering look in her eyes. She puts up the work she has been engaged on, and, rising from the snug seat in the bay window, announces that her head aches a little and she is going for a breath of fresh air.

"I dare say it will do you good," Jane says kindly, not looking round from the desk where she is busily engaged in her weekly wrestle with the household accounts. She thinks Dora has been unwontedly amiable and nice this morning, and feels quite grateful to the girl, and prepared to heartily endorse all she may say. But Con, despite her recent penitence, cannot resist the temptation of a teasing joke.

"What a strangely sudden decision, Dora!" she says gravely. "I hope it has nothing to do with what I said about Walter's solitary stroll."

To her utter amazement, Dora, who hardly changes color in any circumstances, grows perfectly scarlet now, and flashes at her a half-angry, half-frightened glance that, as she afterwards tells Jane, seems to go through her like a needle; then, quickly recovering herself, says, with much acerbity—

"I wonder when you will learn that such jokes are in the worst taste, Constance! I can never keep my temper when I hear them. What are Walter Brackenbury's movements to me?"

"Goodness knows!" Con cries, with a shrug of her shoulders; she has been startled, but is not easily snubbed, and certainly does not mean to be put down by Dora now. "And as for keeping your temper, my dear, the sooner you lose that most objectionable attribute the better for yourself and for us all. Good-bye, I hope you will enjoy your walk. Walter has gone, I know, past the Hermit's Dell and through Easterly Woods."

The door closes sharply, as Dora leaves the room without vouchsafing any reply. But, angry as she is, she treasures up the words, for they serve the purpose she has in view.

"What a fool I was to let my temper master me!" she thinks, as she hurries up to her room and dresses in great haste, while her sallow cheeks flush and her black eyes blaze with a vindictive light. "I very nearly lost everything by losing my head just then; but that sort of senseless banter would provoke a saint. Anyhow, things have turned out better than I had any right to expect. That last insolent remark of yours, my dear Constance, has saved much valuable time, and told me all I wish to know. Easterly Woods and the Hermit's Dell; there could never be a better place—just at the back of the Nest. Rosalie need only slip through the back garden, and then I wonder what sort of meeting will there be! Unluckily, I cannot be present; but—well, better luck next time! I will run on and tell her what to do now."

She starts off upon her charitable errand, Constance, who has taken her deserted place in the window, following the movements of her light active figure with an ever-growing wonder, and a vague hint of trouble in her honest eyes.

"It's of no use scolding, Jennie," she says, with a disheartened sigh. "Of course you are right and I am hopelessly wrong. I ought not to tease or quarrel with Dora, I know; but how can I help it, dear?"

"You need not tease her, at any rate; and it takes two people to make a quarrel, Con."

"Yes, I know," Con agrees ruefully; "but what did I do just then? Suppose I had made the same stupid joke to Maggie?"

"Maggie's disposition is quite different, dear."

"Yes, the fates be praised!" Con ejaculates. "There could not be two Doras in a family, the social edifice would not stand so severe a strain; and I tell you what, Jennie"—with a queer earnest look and lowering her voice to a confidential tone—"I do honestly believe it was the true word spoken in jest that irritated our amiable sister just now."

Jane Marsden looks, as she feels, intensely shocked and not a little scared.

"Constance, you are talking more wildly than ever, and will make me angry now," she says severely. "You cannot surely mean to say——"

"That Dora has gone out to meet Walter Brackenbury! But I do, Jane; I am as sure of it as though she had told me—more sure, for then I might think she meant to put me off the track."

"But why—but why?" Miss Marsden persists, impressed in spite of herself by the girl's air of conviction and genuinely distressed by her words. "Con dear, if there is anything I ought to know, pray tell me; don't make me uneasy without cause. Of course, I know there are girls wicked enough—to flirt with their sisters' lovers, but there is certainly no flirtation between Dora and——"

"Walter Brackenbury? Certainly not!" Con opens her eyes widely; there is a most comforting conviction in her tone. Miss Marsden feels her worst fear die, and is very much inclined to laugh at herself now for having for a moment entertained any fancy so absurd. "You don't suppose, Jennie, that I really thought Dora could—I don't say anything about would, mind—but could, cut out pretty Dolly? Walter does not even like her, though he does his very best to be as nice to her as to the rest of us, and that is very nice indeed—is it not, Jane?"

"Yes. But keep to the point if you can, you very discursive girl!"

"Well, I don't think Dora, if she meets Walter, quite by accident, will try to flirt with him; but I do feel sure she will make any mischief she can."

"Oh, well, luckily there is not much to make! Dolly has not even the mildest love-affairs in Wilminster, and I think Walter has too much common sense to be easily led astray, so you are wrong again, Constance."

"Maybe," Con retorts equably. "Only remember I did not say she would make mischief, I only pledged myself that she would try; and, despite all your arguments, my dear old optimist, I still stick to that pledge. But, for goodness' sake, let us talk about something pleasanter than Dora!" And the sisters turn to discussing dresses and millinery for Dolly's wedding.

Meanwhile, having accompanied Dolly to the school-house and promised to return at a stated time, Walter Brackenbury strolls on in the direction of Easterly Woods and the Hermit's Dell. It is a brilliant afternoon in the late summer, and the country round Wilminster is very beautiful.

More than once, as he climbs the winding lane that leads to the cool shadow of the woods, Sir Walter pauses and turns round to look at fair scene.

"How beautiful it is—how peaceful it all looks!" he thinks, as he leans against a stile and revels in the calm loveliness of nature with something of artistic delight. "In spite of all one learns as one goes through the world, it does seem almost impossible that any sin or any sorrow should exist in such a scene as this."

"Sir—sir—would you listen, sir! I——" The hoarse terrible whisper ends in a sound more terrible still, a choking struggle for breath.

Walter turns quickly round and sees, clutching the hedge beside him for support, as his gaunt frame is shaken by a hollow cough that seems as if it would tear his lungs to pieces, a creature who might be an embodiment of all the sin and all the sorrow the young soldier has just declared to be impossible here—a man, but so worn, soiled, and degraded as to be sunk almost below the level of humanity. Whether young or old it would be impossible to say—a mass of falling hair and dirty tangled beard almost covers his face, in his eyes there is a frightened yet ferocious gleam such as is seen sometimes in the eyes of a wild beast; his form, though of skeleton gauntness and a little bent through sheer weakness now, is well knit, and it hardly needs a second glance to tell Walter Brackenbury's practiced eye that it has once known the education of drill.

"Sir," the man begins, as soon as that all too eloquent cough will let him speak, "I am starving. Can you give me money for bread?"

The appeal, backed as it is by the miserable wretch's appearance, is irresistible, though Walter has the true country gentleman's horror of "tramps," and does not like the wolfish glare of this one's eyes.

"You must not starve," he says kindly, taking some silver from his pocket; "but you seem too ill for a little money to do you much good. That cough is terrible, and should be looked to at once. Don't you think you had better call at the hospital?"

"No, I don't!" the man answers, in a husky voice resembling a growl, and with a look that almost makes Walter regret his alms. "I don't care for hospitals or doctors, or any cattle of that kind; and as for my cough it is welcome to finish me and save Jack Ketch a job, when I have done what I have to do, but not before; I swear that—not before!"

Walter tells himself that this is a hopeless case, a man not to be helped, and is moving away; indeed, he has proceeded a few yards up the hill, when the man, after watching him with sullen hesitation, suddenly follows, and, touching his forehead with one dirty hand, says, a little less brutally—

"I hardly meant that rough answer, sir, for you who have given me what I asked; but a man's ways get a bit savage when he leads such a dog's life as mine."

The words touch Brackenbury.

"No need to apologize," he says heartily, "I would help you if I could——"

"Oh, for that matter, I am past helping, except with a piece of bread!" the other replies hastily, and with a return to his first manner, as though he did not wish to hear himself or his future discussed; but Walter is not, now that his interest is really roused, easily to be shaken off, and he persists in a gently authoritative way.

"We are never past help, unless we lose faith in ourselves."

"I have lost that long since then, and I'll bid you 'Good day' now, sir!"

The tramp salutes and is hurrying away, and once again the man's gesture determines Walter to detain him.

"Stay!" he cries, and at the peremptory tone the other comes to a standstill. "Tell me what has brought you to this state. I fancy you are not an old man?"

"Six-and-thirty!" the tramp interjects, with a laugh of savage bitterness—a laugh that gives Walter a thrill of pain.

"And you have been a soldier?"

"Why should you say that? Why should you pry into my affairs? Take back your money, if you think it has bought you the right to cross-examine me?"

And, trembling with an ungovernable fury, he actually tries to thrust the coins back into Walter's hand. But Walter coolly pushes away the man's dirty hand and says quietly—

"My good fellow, keep the money and your secret too; I am not in the least curious in the matter. Good day!"

And with a careless nod he goes on his way, the tramp standing still, following the movements of the agile figure with sullen eyes. Looking back when he reached the very crest of the steep hill, with, perhaps, a touch of the curiosity he has disclaimed, Walter sees the squalid figure still standing motionless—an ugly blot upon the fair and peaceful scene.

A vague feeling of uneasiness steals over him as he looks, a feeling for which he can assign no cause, and of which therefore he is heartily ashamed; but his shame does not remove the feeling, he is angrily conscious that it still exists, as he turns into the wood and loses sight of the man who has aroused it.

Very soon however, another train of thought being started in his mind, he forgets all about the outcast who has momentarily interested him, and walks on over the velvet moss and under the overarching trees with a curiously troubled expression clouding the frank brightness of his face. It is very bright generally, not with the mere unthinking gaiety of careless youth—Walter Brackenbury is two or three years over thirty—but with the wholesome sunshine radiating from a sweet nature, a warm and generous heart.

All young things, weak things, poor things, instinctively turn to him for help. Most people feel inclined to like and trust him at first sight, perhaps because, without a sign of foolish weakness, he seems to extend a generous trust to all the world.

And yet in his opening manhood he had been cruelly deceived—deceived where he most loved and trusted, and in a fashion that cut him to the heart. But, though the arrow went deep, it left no poison in the wound.

It is of this experience, of this unforgotten but rarely recalled time, that he is thinking now, with that suggestion of trouble on his expressive face, when once again his meditations are broken by the sound of a human voice—not the hoarse husky accents of the tramp, but a broken, tender-toned, most musical voice, that says—

"Walter, will you not speak to me?"

He raises his head sharply and cries, with unmistakable dismay—

"Good heavens, Rosalie!"

CHAPTER VII.

YES—Rosalie; is it not strange that you and I should meet here in such circumstances, Walter, and after so many years? Sometimes I have thought that I could not bear such a meeting and live; but, till it is tried, we never know our strength!"

Walter Brackenbury does not speak, but stands staring stonily at Rosalie. He either does not see or does not choose to take the slender hand she has extended; but when, with a swift change of purpose, she lays it half timidly upon his gray coat-sleeve, he suffers it to rest there. Then she draws a little nearer and says, in a still softer, more caressing tone—

"Walter, since we have met—must meet often—can we not at least be friends? I ask no more, though I am free now."

He draws back, shaking off the small hand with a gesture of repulsion and disgust, as he cries roughly—

"Say no more of that, if you have any woman's shame left, Rosalie! You make me remember—make me think——"

"Of what might have been?" she says, with a soft and melancholy cadence that seems to rebuke him for the violence of his wrath. A moment ago she was very pale, but now the faintest loveliest rose-flush steals back to her face, her upraised violet eyes are dim with slowly gathering tears, her lips quiver convulsively. Never did pain wear shape more exquisite, never in any moment of triumphant loveliness has Rosalie Hurst looked lovelier than now. Knowing all she has been and all she has done—holding her and her sin in genuine horror, as she does—Brackenbury cannot quite steel himself again the pitiful appeal.

"Don't cry!" he says, looking uneasily away. "If we must meet, we must, and be sure I shall say or do nothing to injure you in any way."

"You injure me—I never thought of that!" she answers, with mingled surprise and reproach. "Oh, tell any story, you mean? Yes, that would injure me indeed. No one knows it here—not even my sister, Beatrix; but that was not why I wished to see you. I knew that in your keeping our secret was safe."

Walter Brackenbury frowns, bites his lip, and answers coldly—

"You are quite safe from any speech of mine; but—am I to understand that this meeting is not an accident?"

"It is not." She flushes again, but answers quite decidedly. "Why should I deceive you, Walter? You must know what my agony of mind has been ever since I heard that you were coming here—that"—she pauses, then hurries over the remainder of her speech with apparently painful effort—"that you and Dolly Marsden were engaged. I have tried to imagine where and in what circumstances you and I should be brought face to face! I could not warn or communicate with you in any way, and I feared that, if we met suddenly in the presence of others, you would betray me, or much more surely that I should betray myself. Do you understand now why I watched my opportunity and followed you the first time I saw you walk out alone?"

"Yes, I understand," he answers, and his manner softens once more. "Yes, I quite understand; but you need have no fear of my prudence—of my care for your interests, Rosalie. I shall not say or know anything. We will meet as strangers, if you wish."

"It will be best—most prudent," Rosalie agrees, lowering her long dark lashes to hide the exultant sparkle of her eyes. "It will not hurt even your conscience, Walter, to deny that you have met 'Mrs. Hurst'?"

"No."

He speaks quietly, but the woman becomes conscious that she is nearing dangerous ground again. She knows every note in Brackenbury's voice, every expression of the dark eyes, or did know them, long ago, and she sees little change in him now.

Nevertheless, she will not even yet retreat. She slips her hand once more within his arm, and presses closely to him before she speaks. They look like lovers as they stand thus, yet they are fighting a deadly duel in their hearts.

"But, Walter," Rosalie cries, with eager impressiveness, "there must be no half-measures, the truth must be all kept back absolutely, or not at all!"

"Yes, I suppose so," he replies, with much reluctance and less than his usual decision.

Rosalie looks at him with alarmed and angry eyes.

"Suppose? Of course it must be so, Walter—even a lover is bound to remember the claims of honor and faith! Oh, yes"—with a bitter painful laugh—"I know such words come well from me; but I am quoting your code, not mine! I want to have a clear understanding here, for I would rather tell all, would rather die at once, than hold name, position, life itself—for these things are life to me—at another woman's mercy or caprice! Promise me now, once and for all, that, no matter what pressure may be brought to bear upon you, even from Dolly Marsden, our secret shall be kept?"

He hesitates over his answer. The promise she asks will be a dangerous power to place in what he knows to be unscrupulous hands; but, with those beautiful despairing eyes fixed upon his, as though the woman's life or death hung upon his next words, with the knowledge of all that this woman has at stake, it seems next to impossible to refuse. Moreover, he has neither the wish nor the intention to discuss her wretched shameful story with innocent Dolly. Yet still——

"Say it, Walter! Say that even from her our secret shall be safe!" the sweet pleading voice repeats; and Walter answers, with a stern light in his eyes that half frightens her—

"Your secret shall; do not speak or think of it as mine. If it were——Rosalie, do you not see, if it were any secret of my own, in common honor and honesty, Dolly must be told?"

Rosalie's hand drops listlessly on his arm, her eyes shine with mournful brightness from a face that is deathly pale.

Something of triumph there is in her heart, for she has gained the point she strove for, and knows that in a measure she is safe; but with the assured victory there is bitterness of defeat.

"Another such triumph," she thinks shudderingly, "and I shall know that my day is done, that no woman will fear or hate me, and no man worship me again. Walter Brackenbury worshipped me once—it was nothing less than worship that he gave—and I made sure that, once we were brought face to face, I should master him again and make him do what I wished. Well, he has done it—in a sense, I have the promise I wished for; but he gives it because he pities and forgives me, that is all. My spell is broken, my power gone; except as a mournful and unpleasant memory; I have no place in his life."

Not guessing the tenor of her thoughts, noticing only the sadness of the beautiful face, the pathetic drop of the graceful figure, Walter begins to fear that he has been a little rough, that, in his sturdy loyalty to his absent love, he has wounded the woman he would once have died to save from the smallest pang, who since then has walked in paths thickly set with thorns of her own sowing.

"Forgive me, Rosalie!" he says confusedly. "There are things that must be said now and then, you know; but one does not like saying them. If I have hurt your feelings——"

"Oh, no!" The large eyes meet the anxious gaze of his quite steadily, but with an inexpressible mournfulness. "I have no feelings left. How should I have?"

"By George, yours has been a pretty rough life!" he bursts out, moved once more to pity, though he shudders too as he remembers how more than "rough" this delicate gentle-looking woman has managed to make the lives of others. "I wonder how you have come through it and kept your youth, your beauty, Rosalie?"

The tone is anything but complimentary; yet Rosalie flushes with pleasure at the words and asks quite eagerly—

"You think me still beautiful—still the Rosalie of old days, Walter?"

He draws back at the coquettish appeal.

"Your beauty is undeniable; and for your youth—well, trouble has not robbed you of that."

She is quick to see the error she has made, and, wincing at the dryness of his tone, quickly reassumes her pensive air.

"My troubles lightened when my freedom came. It is hardly generous, Walter, to grudge me a little peace."

"I grudge it you? Heaven forbid!" he cries fervently; then adds, after a quick side-glance at his companion and a brief hesitation, "How long have you been free?"

"About a year. Did you not know? Did you not see it, Walter? It was all in the papers at the time."

"I was in Egypt a year ago; the papers did not reach me very regularly. How did it happen, Rosalie?"

There is complete silence for a minute. Rosalie's face grows paler and paler, seems to harden in a shamed and yet curiously cruel look; her very lips are wax-like, as she forces herself to say at length—

"He was shot!"

"Great Heaven!" Brackenbury staggers back and regards the woman with sickening horror. "Poor unhappy wretch! You do not mean that he was——"

"Yes," Rosalie breaks in, with fierce energy—"he was shot by the men. Even his body was not recovered, he sank in deep water. You pity him!" she adds, in scorn and bitterness and pain. "You have no thought for me, and yet you might remember what I had to bear that time—and after. When I read the story through under my sister's eyes, when I heard her read it with careless pitying comments, heard other people speak of it as an event of the day, and still kept silence and gave no sign—oh, I think if you could once realize what I went through then, even you must pity, though you have learned to hate me now!"

"I do not hate you," he says sadly; but he knows, though her words have greatly moved him, it is not unmixed pity that fills his heart, or rather that it is a pity not given wholly to her. That other life, gone out in such blank darkness! He shudders as he thinks of it, and averts his gaze from the lovely face that has so much more of terror than of charm for him. "And—and your sufferings must have been hard to bear, your courage almost superhuman; but still——"

"But still!" she echoes, with a swift change to defiant mockery. "Have the courage of your opinions, Walter—finish your sentence; or stay, I will finish it for you, since you are frightened by a word. You cannot pity me because you—you, of all men—pity some one else so much more!"

She looks eagerly into his face, hoping to read there some contradiction of her own words. But she is disappointed; he simply inclines his head, and she utters a little cry of mingled rage and pain.

"It is incredible—such magnanimity, and yet—— Oh, it is easy for you to think gently—for you to forgive! He saved you from me. But I curse him every hour of my life!"

"Rosalie he is dead!"

"I curse his memory then!" she retorts. "Oh, you are shocked again, Walter! Why did you care for me at any time, when I only jar on you at every point? I am what I always was; the change must be in you."

"Perhaps," he agrees rather listlessly.

"Not perhaps, but certainly," she says, with hard decisiveness. "There is nothing in common between Dolly Marsden's lover and mine."

"Do not speak of her!" he cries involuntarily and with a sensitive flush. It is the second time he has declined to discuss his betrothed with Rosalie Hurst, and nothing he has said or done so sharply stings the woman's pride.

"Why? Is her name too sacred for my lips?" she asks, her voice low and strained, her face pale with the passion she cannot control. "You insult me more

cruelly and horribly than I thought even you could do when you tell me that. How do you know that she is so much better than I? When and where has she ever been tried? Suppose her placed in my position——"

"Heaven forbid!" he breaks in, with all a lover's selfish fervor; and the cloud darkens on Rosalie's forehead, the look in her eyes grows angrier.

"Heaven did not forbid in my case," she cries, with a reckless laugh. "But I do not suppose such a martyrdom will ever fall to her share—I hardly wish it. She may be all the world to you; she is only a baby-faced girl, without passion or character, to me. But I want to show you that there is no possible parallel to be drawn between her and me!"

"I meant to draw none. Why should we talk like this—why rake up old quarrels, Rosalie?" Walter says, a little wearily. "We have buried our past finally: let us forget it if we can."

"Oh, yes; it is easy to forget!" she says, with a strange smile, but with an evident effort to resume an easy and conventional manner. "I have tried to put your lesson into practice, Walter, ever since I learnt that I was free! Perhaps you think that, when I got over the first shock of my release, I fell a prey to remorse? Yes"—smiling again as she meets his quick assenting glance—"I knew you would take up some such weakly fantastic notion. But you are wrong—all wrong. I could only rejoice in my freedom, could feel only that a crushing burden had been suddenly taken away! I grew young and beautiful again. I am beautiful still, am I not?"

"Very beautiful!" he answers, with a gravity that is almost sternness. Rosalie's face loses nothing of its defiant look, as she goes eagerly on.

"I said to myself, my sentence then is not for life. There is something of youth, something of beauty left me still; there must be something of hope. The man who once loved me so wildly may yet come back to me——"

Brackenbury raises his hand with a gesture of pained entreaty.

"Rosalie, will you not spare yourself and me? This is needless humiliation for us both."

"Nevertheless, I must and will speak! I have been silent so long—so long. There may be no hope for me——"

"There is none—if by hope you mean——"

"The hope that your love still lives! Yes, I meant that. I know that it is hopeless now. Your love is not smothered under a load of indignation, struggling with fierce disgust; it is dead!"

He simply inclines his head, not looking at her, feeling her accusation to be altogether and even absurdly unjust, and yet powerless to resent it in any way. That he did love her, passionately, intensely, is true, but she gave that love its death-blow; and now she reproaches him!

Surely trouble must have turned her brain, or else she is shameless indeed!

"You see, I did not count on that," she persists. "I thought if I once found you and told you I was free——"

"Free!" he repeats, roused at last to real anger. "You know that he, that unhappy man, was not the only barrier between us! You must know it, Rosalie—must know that you raised another barrier of your own free will!"

"No—in madness—a sudden rage of resentment for an unendurable wrong!"

"In madness and in sanity you raised it; it is there, more visible and palpable to me since Sydney——"

"Do not name him!" she breaks in hurriedly, pressing both slender hands to her ears, as though to shut out some dreadful sound.

"Since he is dead, and died in so terrible a way."

"That is enough." She is very pale and quiet now. "I shall not trouble you again, Walter Brackenbury, and I shall leave Wilminster very soon. I had arranged to leave it when I heard you were coming here."

Brackenbury fervently wishes he had delayed his coming until she had taken her departure, that he might have escaped this present hour of torture and Heaven only knows how much trouble and perplexity to come. But he says nothing of this, and Rosalie goes on.

"For the time we are here together we will meet as civil strangers, will we not? I am Beatrix Massey's sister, and Beatrix is Dolly Marsden's friend. We must meet, and so——"

"Yes, yes, I see; it shall be in any way you choose, only I must go now. It is nearly time for me to——"

"To meet the new love and bid the old 'Good-bye!'" Rosalie finishes; then, quite suddenly, she catches his arm and gives a little nervous cry. "Look, Walter! What is that?"

"I see nothing," he answers coldly, and shakes off the light clinging touch, suspicious of a trick.

But for once Rosalie is not acting; she shivers with real terror, as she whispers brokenly that she thought for a moment she saw a pair of wild eyes staring through the trees.

CHAPTER VIII.

YOU know you really should do one thing or the other, Trix!" Maggie Marsden says, in a reproachful urgent tone, as she and her friend seat themselves on a tree-shaded bench commanding a view of the tennis-court. "Jennie and I were talking about it this morning, and we both agreed that we should never have expected you to turn out a coquette."

"Maggie! I a coquette?" Trix tries to laugh at her novel character, but the attempt is rather a failure; the honest eyes droop, and there is a mournful look about the red lips.

"Yes—a flirt, a coquette, and that of the worst and most heartless description!" Maggie goes on mercilessly and with growing indignation. "Look here, Trix—I am not joking with or teasing you! Now there are plenty of men about with whom you might flirt to your heart's content, and never try to protect them—they are too much in love with themselves to break their hearts for any woman's sake."

"Maggie! Maggie!" Trix laughs in earnest now, though her face loses nothing of its troubled look. "You think you are talking to Rosalie."

"Rosalie could not act one scrap more heartlessly!" Maggie interjects.

"You think you are talking to some one with Rosalie's gift of winning love," Trix goes on, with affected lightness, and as though she had not heard her companion's interjection. "No one is likely to suffer heartbreak for my sake."

"Well, no; I don't suppose a man with three dear little children will break his heart because a woman does her best to win his love——"

"Maggie!"

"Does her best to win his love," Maggie persists steadily; "plays the part of mother to his children and wins their poor little impressionable hearts, lets the whole neighborhood think she means to marry him, and then treats him in the most shameful fashion—throws him over without any reason or excuse."

"Oh, Maggie, you are cruel!" Trix cries, with glowing cheeks. Set before her in this unsparing fashion, her conduct does seem terrible indeed. "I don't seem to have acted nicely; but you don't understand!"

"I don't indeed, but shall be delighted to receive any sort of explanation. As for being cruel, I am cruel to be kind, and speak out just as much for your sake as for our dear old friends. You can't deny that you like, that you very much more than like Charlie Clayden, that you could be quite happy with him!"

Trix does not attempt to deny it, but glances across at the tennis-court, where Dolly and Sir Walter Brackenbury are contending against Constance and the man of whom Maggie speaks, who seems to be paying but a half-hearted attention to the game or to his partner, and has a cloud of pain and disappointment on his face.

He is not a particularly handsome man, not soldierly and distinguished-looking like Walter Brackenbury, nor has he the other's trained grace of movement or pleasant readiness of speech; but, such as he is, with his stalwart figure, russet beard, and frank sunburnt face, Trix feels that he is the one man in the world for her, the one man with whom she could be utterly happy and content.

And now—a sudden mist dims her eyes, a great pang at her heart tells her more about her own affections than she has till this moment known—now she has sent him from her, wounded and hurt him sorely, and perhaps broken her own heart.

"Maggie"—she turns wistfully to her friend—"when—when I refused to play with Mr. Clayden just now, was I very rude?"

"Perfectly brutal!" is the uncompromising reply. Maggie sees the gathering tears in the troubled eyes; but the sight by no means disposes her to spare the girl who is, she thinks, acting with such perverse folly now. "Even the Rector looked shocked at your curt tone and offensive manner; Jennie colored—you know how punctilious she is in all matters of courtesy; and as for poor Charlie——"

"Well?"

Maggie shrugs her shoulders and glances significantly across the court.

"You yourself see how much he is enjoying his game. Poor Con! If it were any one else, she would soon punish a partner so ill-tempered and cross; but we are all so fond of Charlie, having known him all our lives. And then his first marriage was such a failure; you would never guess it from his manner, but he had a real martyrdom to endure while Kate Clayden lived."

"And yet in her picture she looks really like a saint."

"She posed always for the character, my dear—a suffering saint, refined out of all semblance to or sympathy with our poor humanity; and, if you can think of a more irritating companion for a healthy hearty man, I congratulate you on your ingenuity."

"But, Maggie, if she were always ill——"

"But, Trix, she was no more ill than you or I until she took to armchairs and darkened rooms. No one but Charlie would have let her do it. Almost to the last day of her life she was strong enough to dance all night, if any chance of such delightful diversion came in her way. You know it was at a garrison ball that she caught the cold that carried her off at last, and left Charlie free, as we hoped, to find a happier future."

"Don't, Maggie!"

"Why should I not?" Maggie asks, almost sternly. "I think self-sacrifice is sometimes a very beautiful and sometimes a very senseless thing. Why should two good people refuse the happiness that is well within their grasp, for the sake of two people who are—— Well, one is her grave, and the other is your sister, so I will not say just what I think of either."

"My sister?" Trix repeats, in troubled tone. And Maggie cries energetically—

"Yes, I know it means that! I know you are not acting on your own impulse, or I should hardly take the trouble to convince you! Rosalie does not wish you to marry, and so of course Charlie Clayden and all your own hopes and wishes must go to the wall. Look me in the eyes, and tell me if that is not the case in a nutshell."

"It is not—at any rate not entirely," Trix says. "I am not quite so weak as you think me, Maggie. Rose did—did tell me my marriage would be cruelty to her, did half persuade me that it would be better to leave this place."

"Just like her selfishness!" the other breaks in indignantly. But Trix shakes her head.

"You have not heard me out. I said she almost persuade me—no more. When I came to think things over, I thought as you do—that it was not right, not fair to myself or others, to yield altogether to her caprice, so I made up my mind——"

"To divide your fortune and to purchase your freedom, Trix?"

"Oh, no! I wish I could do that; but aunt Cary's will expressly forbids it. I could never tell why she used to be so fond and proud of Rosalie, but latterly she had an absolute horror of her name. I fancy there was something about Rose's marriage. But that has nothing to do with what we are talking about."

"No," Maggie agrees, mastering her curiosity. Like every one else in Wilminster, she has long since guessed at some dark secret in the beautiful young widow's life, and has often wondered what it could be. Trix presumably knows something, and is sufficiently agitated to be more communicative than usual, but she will take no disloyal advantage and press home no questions now. "What did you make up your mind to then?" she asks, with a smile. "A complete declaration of independence, I hope."

"Something very like it. I summoned up courage and told her that I would do anything in reason that she wished, but leave Wilminster I would not."

"Brave little girl! And then of course you had a scene?"

"No. Rosalie listened in an absent-minded way, as though the matter hardly concerned her at all. And then I went on in a lame way to explain that I was very sorry. She answered quite indifferently, 'Don't trouble about that, Trix; I have no great wish to go. It was only a fancy born of the dull of this place. It suits you, and I dare say for me it does as well—or as ill—to live in as any other."

"Well, that is all right. Rosalie saw that you meant what you said, and gave in like a sensible woman. Of course you let the matter drop there?"

"For a time. And for a time I did really think things were going smoothly."

"And are they not? At the Nest, I mean. Here, I know you are treating poor Charlie as badly as ever."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

AFFECTED BY THE SUN.—It has long been known to architects that the perpendicularity of monuments is affected by the rays of the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side upon which the sun's rays fall.

THE LACE TREE.—The lace-bark tree of Jamaica is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world. Its inner bark is so delicate in texture that it might be mistaken for the finest product of the loom. It was formerly used by the natives for apparel.

SLAVE-MAKING ANTS.—Certain specimens of ants make slaves of others. If a colony of slave making ants is changing the nest, a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves, the latter carry their mistresses to their new home. One kind of slave-making ants has become so dependent on slaves, that even if provided with food they will die of hunger unless there are slaves to put it in their mouths.

TRADING IN CROWNS.—A manufacturing concern in Birmingham drives something of a trade in crowns. They are real ones, of solid gold, with cap of crimson velvet, incrustations of garnet, topaz, and various kinds of cheap but showy stones, and are supplied to the kings of Africa in return for ivory and other merchandise. The time has gone by when an ancient top hat, adorned with turkey feathers, sufficed to impart a halo of magnificence to Ethiopian royalty.

BURMESE BOXING-MATCHES.—At a Burmese boxing-match a champion will jump into the ring and dance about, smacking his breast and arms and cracking his fingers, challenging all comers. It is with much difficulty that any one can be induced to take up the challenge; but, when a second champion appears, the challenger bolts like a hare if he thinks his opponent a shade taller or broader than himself. When at last the boxing does begin, it is of the mildest description, and is stopped by the umpires at the first scratch.

THE KING'S COOK.—The King of Sweden popped in the other day at the Sailors' Home at Stockholm just as dinner was being served up, and asked the permission of the sailors to be their guest, which, of course, they consented to. Suddenly his Majesty exclaimed to his chamberlain: "Why, look here, here's excellent cabbage soup. I never get such soup as this at my table." After this the king went into the kitchen and interviewed the cook. This diplomatic proceeding ended by the cook being taken into the king's service.

COMPULSORY RELIGION.—A writer of the day gives an amusing illustration of the religious enthusiasm of the Russians, and their desire to extend the knowledge of truth. The authorities every now and then make an excursion into Siberia and bring back a lot of Buddhists, whom they proceed to baptize in spite of their loudly-expressed dissent. After baptising them they say to them: "Now, you dogs, you are Christians, and you can go and pray to your nasty gods as much as you wish, and thank them that you are Christians."

A FOLLY OF FASHION.—The quantity of rouge worn during the recent Ascot week was the subject of much comment. The fashion of painted cheeks and lips has been revived with much intensity this season, and the coloring seems to be applied without discretion, so palpable is the artifice. It has been suggested that the very numerous and brilliant tints combined in dresses and on hats have induced this method of playing up to them, in order to prevent the face from being completely extinguished by the bright colors. The effect, however, is far from pleasing.

CURIOUS CHINESE PROVERBS.—The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall. It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first. The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it. The turtle, though brought in at the back gate, takes the head of the table. Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton-pie at a king's banquet. The learned pig didn't learn its letters in a day. The top strawberries are eaten first. Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment in a cotton nightcap.

IN BRAZIL.—Traveling in the interior of Brazil, a gentleman put up for a night at a farm-house furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and its stand, which the owners had received as a present from Rio Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest. "Before I received this present, I used, on taking off the candle-snuff, to throw it about the floor—perchance on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes; but now mark the difference." So saying he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully in the snuffers, and held them up with a look of triumph at his highly amused spectator.

TEACHER—"Robert, here is an example in subtraction: Seven boys went down to the creek to bathe; but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in?" Robert—"Yes'm; seven."

THE OLD, OLD TIME.

All night I knelt at Love's grave alone,
  Breathing one name as pray'r;
O pulseless heart that was once mine own,
  Still hands that caressed my hair—
O dear dead lips that are cold and dumb,
  Closed eyes that I loved to see—
I'd give all days of my life to come
  To have you one hour with me!

All the way of my life is set
  With mem'ries sweet and wild;
Here we parted, and there we met,
  Yonder were reconciled—
Here have we heard the waves' low chime,
  There gathered the daffodil,
Oh, there is no time like the old, old time,
  Be the future what it will!

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENRIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII—(CONTINUED.)

NORA nodded indifferently.

The elder woman stood over the fire, and looked into it broodingly.

"Yes, money. It is half the money I have made—half the money we have saved. The man who gave me warning that the schooner was watched warned me that the Revenue men might pay us another visit any moment, and that any money we might have would not be safe. I'd have risked it if it all belonged to me, but half is yours."

"Mine?" She spoke the word with faint surprise.

"Yes," said the elder woman coldly, "yours by right of having worked for it. It is not a large sum." She drew a small parcel, wrapped in sail-canvas, from a corner of the chimney, and laid it on the table, keeping her hand on it. "I will keep mine here hidden in the old place, but I will not risk yours any longer. Take it to Penhorily, the landlord of the inn, and give it to him. There is a letter inside telling him to put it in the bank. He is an honest man, and I can trust him. When we start for Australia we can draw this money out of the bank. It will be safe there till then; and if anything happens to my share—well, it will be mine that will be gone, not yours."

"This is really mine?" murmured Nora, as she took the parcel and hid it in the bosom of her dress.

"I tell you so," responded the elder woman coldly, sharply. "You had better take some of these cakes with you," she went on, as she wrapped up half-a dozen of the scones in paper. "You may be hungry before you come back. Speak to no one but the man at the inn. Ask for Mr. Penhorily; give him the parcel, and come back as quickly as the wind and tide will bring you."

Nora rose, put on a thick, short pea-jacket, and her red worsted cap, thrust the packet of cakes into her wide pocket, and moved to the door.

"No, there will not be much wind, I think," she said in the dreamy, absent way which had become habitual with her of late. She stood—seemed to linger—and the elder woman's voice saying sharply—"Why don't you go, Nora?" seemed to arouse her.

She turned and approached the table, where Mrs. Trevanion was washing up the tea-things.

"Good-bye, aunt," she said with downcast eyes, her fingers drumming softly on the table edge.

"Good-bye," said the elderly woman coldly; but still Nora stood, and seemed to wait. Then she lifted her eyes, pale with a strange light, a wistful, thirsty light in them.

"Won't you kiss me, aunt?" she said in a low, clear voice.

Mrs. Trevanion colored a dusky red, and an expression of displeasure and surprise showed on her face. Nora had never in all her life before this asked for a caress. What had come to her?

The elder woman bent over the table and let her lips touch the pure white forehead with a kiss as cold as ice, as cold as charity.

Nora drew back repulsed, repelled, paused a moment with her eyes on the cold, hard face; then, with a "good-bye, aunt," turned and left the cottage. She had asked for love, and her aunt had given her a stone. She knew what a kiss should be—was not Vane Tempest's burning on her lips even now?"

She went with a firm step down the rocky way, and launching her boat sprang in, set the sail, and steered for Trelorne. It was only a short run with the tide, and the light wind was in her favor. She sat, her arm round the tiller, as she had that day—that never-to-be-forgotten day, she and he had sailed together.

How long ago was it? Years? Had it ever happened? a Going to Australia—never to come back! As she leant back and steered the boat with a skill and knowledge as unerring as that of any seaman's on the coast, and thought of every little tiny incident on that never-to-be forgotten day, her aunt's words rang in her ears—her heart. Never to come back! She would never see him again! Never! For all her life!

Her face grew pale, her heart throbbed and ached. True, that it was extremely improbable, even if she remained at the Witch's Cauldron, that she should see him again; but while she was in England there was still a chance—a wild chance; but with the seas between them, with perhaps thousands of miles to separate them—— She could not go on thinking of it. With a shudder she pressed her hands to her eyes, and drove the thought back from her. But it would come again and again, and it so absorbed her that she failed for a time to notice that the wind was changing and that the sea was running higher.

Presently the facts were forced upon her notice by the flapping of the sails and the dash of spray across the gunwale. She put her boat on the tack, and so had to go out of her course.

The evening was growing chilly. She drew on her suit of oilskins, and lay down at the bottom of the boat, still keeping, of course, her hand on the tiller. The wind got higher, a sea came on—one of those ground swells which make this the deadliest coast in England.

As she watched the clouds driving swiftly across the sky in heavy banks, a thought flashed into her mind. Half a turn of the helm, with the sail sheet taut, and there would be an end of the torture, strange torture that burned in her heart, the awful longing to see him again, to hear his voice.

At the thought her hand moved half unconsciously; the boat swayed. Yes, she could overturn it now easily enough. Her eyes grew dreamy, deep, dark. Then suddenly they lightened. Another thought had flashed into her mind. She sprang up as if electrified, and looked about her.

Before her she could see the Trelorne lights, just lit. She stood and looked for a time, her brows drawn straight, her lips set tightly. The brain works quickly. It can give lightning a start and romp in. In the flash of a second or two her mind had evolved a scheme, a plan, a resolution—call it what you will. The blood was rushing, tingling through her veins, her hands burnt as they gripped the tiller.

The boat sped on. She sailed it carefully, safely for a few minutes; then suddenly, as she was within a mile of Trelorne Harbor, she moved the tiller, the boat seemed to stop dead still, then face the wind. It swayed over as if cowering from it, then, just as it seemed about to capsize, crack went the mast, and the upper half with its sail fell forward across the boat.

She put the boat round swiftly, leapt to the sail, and thrust the oars in their places and rowed for the shore. The waves ran high and broke across the gunwale, but the cold of the water did not daunt her resolution or damp her spirits. Her eyes were glowing, flashing now. With some, great, difficulty she chose an open spot between the rocks, and with a long, steady pull beached the boat.

She sprang out, failing in her eagerness, but regaining her feet managed to hold the boat, though it rocked so violently as to swing her to and fro as if she were a feather.

No one looking at her slim figure as she had reclined on the rock in the afternoon would ever have believed that she possessed such strength as she displayed now. Strong as she was she could not hold the boat for long. She sprang in and pushed it off a little way, then fell on her knees and, tearing up the planks at the bottom, felt for the plug and pulled it out.

The water rushed in. She waited until it was above her ankles, then felt for the hole, and thrust the plug in again. Then she leapt out, and, battling with the waves, forced her way to the shore. She was wet through, and half blinded by the spray; but she dashed the salt water from her eyes and looked seaward. The boat, half loaded with the water, was tossing helplessly on the waves.

Up into her bosom welled a tender pity and regret for the boat she had loved so well. Her eyes filled with salt water of another kind. She dashed them clear again and watched. Like a thing that knows it is doomed, the boat beat helplessly to and fro in the trough of the sea. Suddenly it struck against a rock and heeled over. Filled with water as it was, it was unable to recover itself, and with the next buffet of wave and wind it careened over.

A deep sigh rose from Nora's bosom.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" she breathed half chokingly. The boat, bottom upwards, seemed as it struck against the rock to return the sad farewell. She stood motionless for awhile, while the waves ground her dearly-loved vessel against the cruel rocks; then she began to slip off her oilskins, but suddenly she stopped and looked down.

Clad in them, with the sou'-wester she had put on when it commenced to blow, her sex was almost disguised. She buttoned the oilskins round her again, and suddenly, as if she must by a great effort tore herself away and climbed up the beach. It was bounded by an unclimbable cliff, and she had to walk along some distance until she reached a break in the cliff leading to Trelorne.

Without hesitation, for this slip of a girl, with a face like the goddess Diana, had the heart of a man within her tender bosom, she walked towards the lights.

She had not gone far along the pebbly road before a dim figure rose from the dimness and accosted her with—

"Where to, mate?"

She made her voice as hoarse as she could, and answered—

"Up along."

The man looked at her rather curiously, but said nothing, and she followed the road and approached the small cluster of fisherman's cottages.

The window of one was very near the ground. She crouched down under the side, and taking the cakes from her pocket ate one—it was rather wet—and carefully replaced the others. Then she remembered the packet, and took it from her bosom and opened it.

There were several wrappings besides the outer one of sail cloth, but inside them, like a nut in its shell, was a roll of sovereigns and a letter. She turned the letter over with the wistful look which those wear who cannot read. But she had learned to count, and she counted the roll of gold.

There were five-and-twenty sovereigns.

She put these back, but, with singular forethought, she tore the letter into minutest fragments, for it occurred to her that if she were overtaken or caught, that letter would tell her capturers too much.

She sat under the window resting for half-an-hour, then she stole out. The wind was still blowing hard, the night was growing dark.

With her beautiful eyes half closed, she thought deeply, keenly, and she moved towards the open country, inland and away from the sea; for she was strong, and not in the least tired, and it was safer for her to travel by night than by day.

She had not gone twenty paces before she heard a man running behind her. He was coming from the beach. She stopped and crouched down against the wall of a cottage. The man almost touched her, pulled up short, and, breathing hard, knocked at the cottage door. She crawled, glided like a Red Indian round the angle of the house, and waited.

The door was opened and a man's head protruded with the gruff question—

"What's the matter?"

"Bill, there's been a accident!" panted the man who had knocked.

"Oh," rejoined the man of the cottage with charming indifference.

"No; leastways, it's a boat. Stove in on Hookey Point."

"Ah," said the other with scarcely lessened indifference. "What sort o' boat?"

The other man drew nearer, and in a lower voice, but not too low for Nora to catch, replied—

"It's the boat from the Cauldron."

The inmate of the cottage seemed to wake to interest.

"What! No!"

"Yes, it is," asserted the other gravely. "Come down, will ye?"

"Wait a minute," was the response. There was the sound of shuffling boots, and then the man of the cottage joined his fellow outside.

"The Cauldron boat?" he said in a grave voice.

"Yes, I'd swear to it! And bottom upwards. I got her on the beach. Her mast's broke and she's a'most broke to pieces."

The other man whistled.

"Who was in her?" he asked in a low voice.

"What, now? Why, nobody o' course. But there was some 'un in her whether it was the old lady or the gal—" he stopped.

"Whichever it was, they're gone," said the other man ominously.

The first nodded.

"Gone as sure as Lundy Light's alight," he said with a seaman's oath. "It's my belief she went over when the mast give out at sea, and that the boat's drifted in. The wind changed; ye know. Pity, eh? Which of 'em d'ye think it was?"

The other man thought for a moment.

"The gal most like," he said. "Poor little lass! There, there! Tut, tut!" Well, mate, we all on us must die!"

"That's true enough," assented the other.

Their voices and footsteps died away, and Nora rose to her feet and stood with a faint, grave smile on her pale face.

She almost felt as if she were lying out there in the sea, tossing about amongst the seaweed—dead.

CHAPTER XIV.

RATHER more than a week after Nora had wrecked her boat off Trelorne Point, Vane gave a supper-party.

What would have happened to the Prodigal Son if his father, instead of killing the fatted calf and keeping the penitent at home and safe under his eye, had given him a lump sum of money and sent him back to the world? I am very much afraid that the Pordigal would have forgotten all his good resolutions, all his past troubles and penitence, and gone on the "loose" again.

Vane came back to London with his pockets full of money and no end of good resolutions in his mind. He would pay his debts, cut the old London life, go out to—to—well, somewhere; start a cattle ranche or sheep farm, make his fortune, and generally "settle down."

He paid his debts, to the surprise, the amazement, and almost alarm, of his faithful tradesmen, who immediately begged and prayed for fresh orders, and trusted they had not offended him by sending in their bills, and he looked through the columns of the Times for advertisements of cattle ranches and sheep farms. And—and slipped back into the old life as easily as a hand slips into an old glove.

What else could he do? He was young, good-looking, light-hearted, and terribly popular.

When he entered his favorite club, "the Cavaliers," his return was welcomed as heartily and warmly as if he had been a voyage round the world. The news spread—some of the tradesmen must have gossiped—that he had come into a windfall, and the fact, of course, increased his popularity.

Everybody wanted him—to dine at one of the clubs, to drive the new four-in-hand, to run down to the races, to join a shooting-party, to make one at a supper someone was getting up for famous actors and actresses.

The side table in the sitting-room was covered with letters and cards of invitations.

He felt that he could not, really could not, leave London, England, without saying "good-bye" to all these people, these kind friends, and he slipped back into the old life.

In the midst of it someone—it was little Lord Wally Raymond, "Baby," as he was generally called—suggested that the least Vane could do would be to give a supper out of "the swag," as Wally called the windfall, and Vane laughingly and promptly assented.

"You shall ask whom you like, 'Baby,'" he said, laying his strong hand on the boy peer's yellow hair, which would curl, though he kept it cut as short as decency would permit, and belabored it three times a day with a hard brush. "You shall ask whom you like up to ten—can't cram in more than that—and Glossop here shall order the menu."

Glossop was the great epicure and gourmet of the set, and was always consulted whenever a feast was in prospect.

"And we'll have a little—just a little poker or baccarat, eh, Vane remarked Dacre—Sir Clement Dacre, who only lived while the cards were on the table.

Vane looked rather grave, but laughed assent.

"All right," he said. "But no high play, eh, 'Baby'?" and he nodded warningly at the young viscount, who had too often fallen a victim to Dacre and his kind. "You fellows arrange it all. I'll just step round and ask Senley Tyers to come."

Some of the men exchanged glances, and as Vane left the club Dacre remarked—

"What the deuce makes Tempest take

up that artist fellow? I can't see anything in him myself. He can paint, I suppose, but that appears to be all he can do, and that doesn't afford any amusement to anyone else."

"You must teach him poker, Dacre," said Lord Wally, who was permitted to say anything, and a roar of laughter greeted the sally.

Vane meanwhile went on to Mount-street.

Now, though he had been home three days, he had not yet called upon Senley Tyers, and as he walked along, he found himself asking why he had not.

Before his journey into the west he had been in the habit of dropping in at the studio almost daily. Why had he not hastened to his friend the moment he came back?

He found it impossible to answer the question unless he gave as his reason a singular reluctance to speaking of his experience since Senley Tyers had parted from him on Trelorne Jetty.

There were some incidents—those connected with the Witch's Cauldron and the Trevanions—which, of course, he was pledged not to tell; but he felt a strong dislike to speaking of anything that had occurred, and he knew that Senley Tyers would ask questions.

He mounted the stairs two steps at a time, and, with just a flying knock he entered the studio.

Senley Tyers was standing before his easel, hard at work, and for a wonder had not heard Vane's entrance; and he started and almost let his brush fall as Vane lightly laid a hand on his left shoulder and pronounced his name.

He recovered from the slight shock in an instant and looked over his shoulder and nodded.

"And lo, the Prodigal returned!" he said with his faint, half cynical smile.

Vane laughed and dropped into a chair, and Senley Tyers softly but swiftly turned the picture on the easel and faced him.

"So you're back, Vane?" he said laying his palette and brush on the table and leaning against the corner of the window with his hands in the pockets of his velvet painting coat.

Vane noticed that his friend was looking pale and somewhat worn—haggard would be rather too strong a word.

"Yes, I'm back, old man," he said.

It was a very simple speech, but something in the tone in which it was uttered struck Senley Tyers' acute ears.

He was standing with his back to the light which fell full upon Vane's face, and Senley Tyers scanned it with his keen, covert glance.

"And you look all the better for your change," he said.

Vane nodded.

"Wonderful air up there," he said. "A change wouldn't do you any harm," he added. "You've been working too hard, Senley."

Tyers shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"I'm quite well and fit, thanks," he said. "The wild west would not suit me, I'm afraid. That place—what do you call it? Trelorne?—haunts me still, as the song says. I scarcely expected to see you back alive, and had already thought of a neat design for a tombstone."

Vane colored slightly and laughed, but there was an accent of reserve in the laugh. Little did Senley Tyers guess how near he (Vane) had been to requiring a tombstone.

Senley Tyers sauntered to the cabinet and brought out a quaint flask of choice wine and dropped a cigarette case on the small table beside Vane, then threw himself back in a low chair, and lighting a cigarette appeared to forget his visitor's presence.

Vane smoked for a minute or so in silence, then he said abruptly—

"You don't ask me how I got on, Senley?" almost reproachfully.

Senley Tyers looked at the cloud of smoke through his half-closed eyes.

"I didn't know whether you wished me to do so," he said. "I was waiting."

Vane stretched his legs, and Tiger, the Persian cat, seized the opportunity to glide up them and coil herself on his knee.

"I got on better than I could have expected," said Vane.

"With the mysterious uncle? Was he mysterious after all, or only deadly commonplace?"

Vane frowned slightly.

"He is one of the most generous men I ever heard of," he said.

Senley Tyers raised his brows.

"Has he shared his million with you?"

"No," said Vane gravely. "But he gave me a heap of money—five thousand pounds."

Senley Tyers looked at him with genuine surprise, then lowered his eyes.

"Do you know of any more uncles of this description?" he said with a cynical smile. "And so he made you well and sent you back with gold galore? What a Prince Fortunatus you are, Tempest! Tell me something about him—if you like. I am interested."

The tone, just short of cynical contempt, irritated Vane—irritated him far more than it would have done before his visit to Vale Hall.

"There is not much to tell," he said. "He lives quite alone in a tremendous house, and—that's all." He might have added, "I can't in honor tell you."

Senley Tyers glanced at him.

"And did you stay there all the time? Good heavens, how bored you must have been! Don't trouble to deny it, my dear Vane; your face and manner bear traces of your sufferings. They must have been acute. Shut up with him—for how long? It seems ages, but then that is because I missed you, you see.

Vane bit his lip.

"I was not there all the time," he said shortly.

Senley Tyers noticed the tone of reserve, and glanced at him again.

"No? Wondering about, I suppose? By the way, how did you get on that first day after I left you? What was the name of the place—the Witch's Cauldron? Was it very hazardous, and did you meet with any hairbreadth and blood-curdling adventures? Was there a witch? If so, I trust you have not forgotten your promise, and have brought her up for a model."

Vane rose, his tanned face red, the feeling of irritation grown stronger. Even as Senley Tyers' languid, listless tones rose and fell, the vision of Nora sprang up before Vane's mental view. He could feel the poor little shilling pressing against his breast.

"You've got quite enough models, my dear fellow," he said. "What grand swell are you painting now?"

He went to the easel, and turned the canvas to the light as he had often done before. Senley Tyers leant forward and half rose as if to stop him, but sank back again. Vane looked at the portrait of Lady Florence in silence for a moment then exclaimed—

"By George, Senley, you have hit it this time! It is magnificent! It's herself, alive and breathing! Superb!"

Senley Tyers lay back and shrugged his shoulders.

"Think so? Thanks. I like to have your praise, Vane, though I am painfully conscious all the time that you know nothing about it."

Vane laughed, his eyes still on the picture.

"But it is good, isn't it? You yourself know it is, don't you?" he said. "I should think Lady Florence must be pleased with it. By George! I should be if you were painting it for me. This will made a sensation at the Academy, Senley."

"Yes, the fools who know nothing will crowd round it and talk much," said Tyers. "And you think it is like her? You ought to know; you are an old friend of Lady Florence's, aren't you, Vane?"

Vane nodded; he seemed scarcely able to withdraw his eyes from the portrait.

"Yes," he said; "quite old friends. I like her. Oh, by-the-way, I hope you and she get on better?"

Senley Tyers looked down at the rug upon which his feet rested.

"Yes, I think we are more amiable," he said.

"That was all nonsense about her handkerchief, you know," said Vane.

"Perhaps it was," assented Tyers; then, after a pause, he said with well-simulated carelessness—"Did it ever strike you as remarkable that so beautiful a woman should remain unmarried, Tempest?"

Vane thought a moment.

"Well, I suppose it is rather odd," he said, as if the idea had not occurred to him before. "But she is still very young, isn't she? It's her own fault, I should think, if she hasn't married. I believe I've heard that she has had several offers. One or two men, I know, were mad about her—stark, staring mad." He thought a moment, then he laughed. "It's rather strange that," he said.

"What?" asked Senley Tyers,

"Why, that when Lady Florence does strike she strikes deep. The fellows who fall in love with her just rave about her. I remember one who used to tremble and turn pale when she entered the room, and whose head went round like a top when she spoke to him."

Senley Tyers looked at him with grave earnestness.

"She is very lovely," he said as if absently. "You never felt like that, Tempest?" he added suddenly.

Vane laughed.

"No," he said, "lucky for me. The divine Florence is not for the likes of a poor devil such as I am. She is to be a duchess—will be, I should think."

"No doubt," said Senley Tyers. He rose and took up his palette and brush.

"I'll clear out," said Vane. "By the way, Sen, I want you to come to supper with some fellows at my rooms on the 9th. It is supposed to be a kind of farewell spread, though where and when I'm going I haven't the least idea."

"Perhaps I could tell you the approximate date if I knew how much money you had left," said Senley Tyers with a cynical smile.

Vane colored.

"Oh, I'm still quite flush," he said. "By the way, Sen"—he hesitated and laid his hand on Tyers' shoulder—"if—if you should happen to be short and want any coin, don't you know——"

Senley Tylers smiled.

"Thanks," he said, "that is like you. If I were a sensible man I should accept a few hundreds, and so save them from the fate of the rest; but I'm not sensible. I've plenty of money, my dear Vane. The Duchess of Mudshire paid me for what she calls her portrait yesterday. That also will be a success, as she admitted, though she nearly went as far as to call me a brute when she gave me the duke's cheque. I had offered to paint her as she really was one afternoon, and she didn't like it."

Vane laughed.

"Geniuses are permitted a certain amount of eccentricity and side, aren't they, Sen?" he said. "Well, bye-bye, don't forget the 9th." And he went down the stairs humming light-heartedly, his cigarette in his lips, his hat a little on one side, his eyes shining brightly; and Senley Tyers dropped into the chair again, and, shading his eyes, looked long and thoughtfully at the lovely face on the canvas.

"What was he hiding?" he muttered. "Something happened down there in the west that he did not tell me, and does not mean to tell me. That won't do. You must not be permitted to keep any secrets from me, my decoy-duck."

CHAPTER XV.

THE 9th came round, with it Vane's supper party. 98, St. James'-street, was "run" by a Mrs. Porter and her husband. She had been a cook, "and a good cook, too," to a noble family, and her husband had been a valet. They had saved money, married, and taken No. 98, and made a very comfortable living out of the young fellows who rented their rooms.

Vane was a favorite of both, and Mrs. Porter was always ready to exert herself on his behalf. When he gave a spread she invariably cooked the dishes with her own hands, and Porter waited at table, looking like a clergyman, "only more so," as Lord Wally remarked.

Porter had dropped into the habit of playing valet to Vane, and was one of those persons who almost felt aggrieved and sorrowful when Vane paid his long-owing bill.

It was a choice gathering of fine spirits that filled the pretty sitting-room. In addition to Dacre, Glossop, and Reymond were a couple of Guardsmen; old Hubbard, the best story-teller in London, and the Junior Juggins, as Lord Arthur Clenham was invariably called. This youth of little more than twenty-two summers had contrived to run through a couple of hundred thousand pounds in his short manhood, and was popularly supposed not to have a penny left, though he was still the best dressed man in London, drove a four-in-hand, and was always ready to bet on any conceivable object; and it may be added that he had never been happier or in better spirits than at the present time.

They came in well up to time—twelve o'clock—laughing and chatting, presenting the spectacle of a group of strong, able-bodied men who had never done a day's work in their lives—dandies, epicures, drones in the world's hive, and to the superficial observer of no value whatever. And yet it was just such men as these who fought their way through the Crimea, who starved and rotted and died in the trenches before Sebastopol without a murmur, or rode up the fatal pass of Balaclava with a laugh and a jest on their lips; and it is just such men as these who will do it again whenever they are called upon.

Taller than them all, Vane—turned out by Porter in faultless evening dress—received them with that frank and light-hearted warmth and gaiety which made him such a perfect host, and went far to account for his great popularity.

"How do, boys?" he said as they came in. "'Baby,' you come and sit by me. Glossop, you're answerable for the grub—you and Mrs. Porter. By Jove, you should have seen her face when I handed her your menu. 'Mr. Glossop must think I'm a French cook!' she said."

"She's better than French, she's Irish!" said Glossop sententiously as he scanned the table. "I'll back an Irishwoman who's learnt her business against any French chef going. She's all right. You tell her I said so, Porter."

And he nodded to the gratified husband.

Glossop's confidence proved to be well placed. The supper was pronounced a master-piece, from the red mullet en papillote, to the ice pudding with Vane's initials in ginger. The grilled fowls were voted perfect; and the claret and champagne, both famous vintages, satisfied even Mr. Hubbard, an authority on all kinds of drinks.

It was a merry party. The "Baby," with his beautiful complexion flushed like that of a girl's at her first dance, recounted his experiences of that day on a drag driven by a green hand, and imitated the screams and cries of the women as the coach turned over.

"Like a turtle, boys, just like a turtle, I give you my word. Madge Brabazon, of 'The Coronet,' was on the box, and she was the first off. She clung to me like a limpet. 'Oh, 'Baby,'' she wailed, 'I've broken both legs, and I've got to dance to-night! What shall I do?' You could have heard her a mile off. I picked her up, and persuaded her that she hadn't got a fracture about her; but I had to make her dance first. You should have seen us footing it solemnly in the road, with the rest of the coach-load screaming and sobbing, and the horses on their sides kicking and plunging!"

"That reminds me——" began Hubbard, the raconteur; and off he started on a story that sent the party into fits of laughter.

Story succeeded story, as dish succeeded dish, and wine followed wine. Vane sat at the head of the table, his handsome face lit up with its frank debonnaire smile.

He was never happier than when he was surrounded by happiness of his own providing. He listened to one and the other, and joined in the ready laughter, which was at its height when the door opened and Senley Tyers entered.

He was in evening dress like the rest, but somehow it seemed to differ from them. There was a certain overdone neatness and preciseness—above the necktie, perhaps—which marked it off and distinguished it.

Vane beckoned him to a chair, which Porter placed at the table, and shook hands, and the rest of the men nodded and went on almost without a break with their light chaff and laughter.

"What made you so late?" asked Vane.

"I thought you said one o'clock," replied Senley Tyers.

He ate his supper almost in silence. No one seemed to pay any attention to him. He was like a man apart and outside the ring.

The supper was over at last, the tables cleared, and as if by magic, the cards made their appearance.

Vane, as he moved to and fro, came upon Lord Wally and touched his arm.

"Steady young 'un," he said, in the tone an experienced man of the world uses to a junior. "Don't play high, especially with Dacre."

"All right, Tempest," said the boy-peer, with his girlish smile. "I promise."

The men settled down—some to poker, some to baccaret. Vane joined the latter game; Senley Tyers, excusing himself on the score of ignorance, sauntered round the room with a cigarette in his lips.

Vane looked round presently. He saw that Lord Raymond was at Dacre's table, and he rose and laid a hand on his shoulder—he would save him, if he could.

"Go and take my place, 'Baby,'" he said.

The lad raised his flushed face expostulatingly for a moment, then got up. He did not dream of disobeying, or refusing a request of his hero and model.

Dacre glanced at Vane, then nodded.

"All right," he said, and Vane knew that his self-sacrifice would cost him dearly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"WHAT do the natives do in Africa when they go into mourning for their relatives? Do they wear black?" asked Mrs. Portly Pompous of a returned explorer. "If it is a very heavy bereavement they simple take off the few clothes they otherwise wear."

MY LADY'S RESTING-PLACE.

BY M. ROCK.

I will not have my dear dead love
  Lie where her kindred sleep,
With carved and gloomy arch above
  Where dark gray shadows creep;
In solemn state she shall not rest
  Among the titled dead,
But with God's turf upon her breast
  And God's blue sky o'erhead.

And wind-flow'rs with their starry eyes,
  And white anemones,
And blossoms when the cuckoo cries
  From fragrant hawthorn-trees,
And the first snowdrop of the year,
  And yellow daffodil,
And cowslip wet with April's tear,
  To tell I love her still!

An Only Child.

BY MRS. H. W.

CHAPTER I.

ON the outskirts of a handsome village situated many miles' distance from the Metropolis, stands a somewhat small but charming villa. Nothing about it, inside or out, would seem to be wanting that could contribute to the comfort of its inmates; for if the pleasure-grounds were limited, they were luxuriant; if the conservatories were small, all that was choice and lovely in the florist's calendar had a place there; and if the villa's apartments were neither stately nor numerous, there was at least sufficient space, and also elegance about them, to satisfy all reasonable desires.

The bleak winter had passed; the early spring had come and gone; and now that May was entering, the lately bare trees were budding forth into beauty, the garden flowers upraised their lovely heads, the lawn was clothed in its brightest and freshest tint of green; and on that glowing spring morning there came dancing on to the lawn, from one of the low French windows of the breakfast-room, an exquisite child of seven years old, bright and radiant as that sunny day.

Few could look for the first time at the young face without being riveted with its singular beauty. Yet it was not so much in the features, faultless as they were, that the attraction lay; or in the complexion, though it rivalled the loveliest rose; or in the sunny ringlets sporting on the neck, as in the deep, earnest, spiritual expression of the face.

A singular face indeed; singular in its depth of pathos and beauty and rarely have the gifts of nature, both in mind and person, been lavished upon a child of earth as they were lavished upon Georgina Vereker.

She was gaily dressed in white, with a blue sash tied round her waist, its long ends fluttering with her restless movements; and her straw hat hung dangling from her arm by its blue ribbons, for she had raced out of doors in joyous impatience, too eager to wait for its being put on.

Flying hither and thither; now stopping to listen to the birds as they carolled in the trees, now stooping to pluck a rare flower, or inhale the perfume from a newly-blown rose, now practicing some dancing-step, and now glancing down at the dew gathered on her sandaled shoes.

"My dear," cried a staid, but young and pleasing-looking lady, who had followed her out, "the grass is not yet dry. You must come upon the gravel."

"The grass will not hurt me," returned the child, skipping about it more than ever. "And I can see mamma's windows from the gravel. I want to have the first look at her when she comes to open them."

One of the windows the child was looking up to did open as she spoke, for a lady, attracted probably by the voices, drew aside the curtains and threw the sash.

"My May-bird! my May-bird!" she exclaimed, fondly looking down on the little girl.

"Dear mamma! dear mamma! see what a lovely day it is. And I have a white frock on—you said I might put one on for the first time, if it were warm and sunny. Shall I come to you now, that you may wish me many happy returns of my birthday?"

"Yes, yes, my darling. Come.

Away flew the child, brushing past her governess, on her way to her mother's bedroom. The lady had not begun to dress; she was merely in her dressing-gown and slippers. She extended her arms as the child entered, clasping her fondly in them; she passionately kissed her smooth, glowing cheeks; her open brow; her rosy lips; and as she laid her hand upon the little head, and looked up to heaven, the tears gathered in her eyes with the earnestness of her aspiration:

"Almighty Father! bless, oh bless my child! Protect and bless her through this approaching year that she is entering upon, even as Thou hast blessed and protected her through the last!"

Is it well to be an only child?—the only child of doting parents? I scarcely think so. Mr. and Mrs. Vereker had married late in life; he was turned fifty, and she fast approaching it.

It may be, they had not expected children; that they thought the time was gone by for the blessing to be accorded them; and when a child was indeed born, they looked upon it as the most precious of all precious gifts; had it been a very angel from heaven, its little presence could not have diffused more joy and gladness, or have given rise to greater thanksgiving.

It grew and thrived—in spite of the overwhelming care that was bestowed upon it. Every breath was watched—every sigh was listened to with nervous anxiety; and when it screamed, for the very best of babies will scream, the whole house rose in commotion, and the nearest medical man was sent for.

How Mrs. Vereker survived the "painful period of dentition," as the soothing syrup advertisements express it, was a mystery.

Mr. Vereker was in a state of nervousness from its commencement to its close; his wife never quitted the nursery or the infant for weeks and months, and all the rule and daily ordinary regulations of the household were thrown aside.

Mrs. Vereker took her breakfast standing, tea-cup in hand, and looking at the baby; Mr. Vereker how and where he could get it; dinner was forgotten to be be ordered; and bed-time only remembered by the child's sinking into a quiet slumber.

Still the child grew and prospered; and by the time she was two years old, her will was law in the house. No child was ever so indulged and cared for; and perhaps for those doting parents there was some excuse, for she was a very angel in beauty and temper.

A looker-on could not but recall some of the lines in Parnell's "Hermit. I have not the poem to refer to, and have never seen it since I was a child, but the reader will recollect what I mean. Where a child is born to the good, religious man, who had been walking straight for heaven before, but now

—— the child half-weaned his heart from God.
Child of his age! for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.

Was Mr. Vereker acquainted with that poem? And did a following line ever recur to him?

And God, to save the father, took the son.

Did he fear the same All-seeing, Wisdom, the same termination, might rule over this earthly and inordinate love of his?

But no. Mr. Vereker was not, himself, spared long, either to love or to mourn his child. Ere she was three years old, he died; and his last prayers on earth were for her happiness, his last thoughts for her farewell. The whole of his fortune—and it was considerable—was left to Georgina.

Half of it to be paid over to her, unconditionally, on her wedding-day, or when she should be twenty-one; the other half on the death of his wife; but during the child's infancy and youth, Mrs. Vereker was to enjoy the interest of the whole. Was there wisdom in this will—as regarded the child's temporal happiness? Mr. Vereker no doubt thought so.

An only child of a widowed mother! and she long past her meridian of life! never hoping for another—knowing that another could never be born to her. The reader may have witnessed a parallel case in some of the daily scenes around him; but I question if he ever saw or heard of a passion so idolatrous in one human being for another as Mrs. Vereker felt and encouraged for her little daughter.

Every indulgence, every expense, every care was lavished upon her. She had never heard the voice of contradiction. Almost any other, in her place, would have become a household tyrant, unbearable to the servants, and a source of perpetual torment to herself and her mother; but, happily for them both, the child was gifted with the sweetest temper, with expansive intellect, and with the most sensitive imagination, far, far beyond her years.

"Those children never live," cried an incautious, gossiping friend one day, looking at Georgina as she knelt, weaving daisies on the lawn. "They are too good and too beautiful for earth, and God takes them to their fitting home."

The visitor thought she spoke to the governess alone, but Mrs. Vereker had joined them unperceived. The life-blood left her as she listened to the words, rushing back to it with tumultuous agony; a cold, shivering moisture attacked her, and her sight momentarily left her.

Perhaps the thought had never before fully occured to her that her child might be taken from her; that it was really subject to the common doom of its fellow-mortals—death. But she looked at the lovely picture kneeling on the grass, on her glowing color, and round, healthy form.

"Death is not likely to come to her before its time," she mentally exclaimed, drawing a relieved sigh. "Mrs. Grame is always revelling in old wives' tales."

And so the child, worshipped by her mother, loved by her governess, doted on by the servants, reached her seventh birthday, the 1st of May, and was now in her mother's room, listening to the fervent prayer for blessings to descend upon her head.

Her birthdays were always kept, and with much splendor. To-day, a large party, chiefly children like herself, were to assemble at a mid-day dinner, and all sorts of merry games were to take place on the lawn afterwards, with dancing indoors in the evening.

"But what shall I do till then?" asked Georgina, when breakfast was over and she had fully examined all her birthday presents. Of course she learnt no lessons that day.

"What would you like to do, dearest?" questioned her mother. "Shall I order the carriage and take you out?"

"The carriage," hesitated the child, apparently deliberating within herself, the pros and cons of the proposition. "No, mamma," she said, at length, "I don't think we will have the carriage to-day. I am so delighted with everything! with my birthday, and my presents, and all my visitors coming, that I should not like to sit still in the carriage. I must dance about for joy. What are you going to do, Miss Harding?"

"I have one or two commissions to execute in the village," replied the governess.

"Then I will go with you," added the child. "Mamma, I shall put on my new birthday bonnet."

No objection was made. When was an objection ever made to the will of Georgina? So the birthday bonnet—it was all white satin and feathers—was put on, and Miss Vereker started on her walk with her governess.

She was really like a bird, happy and light and joyous as one. Now singing a scrap of a song; now flying after a butterfly—one of the first of the year; now plucking a hedge flower; now skipping over the pasture grass; and now talking, strange deep thoughts, as she always did, to Miss Harding. Never was there so sweet and sunny a child—never one so imaginative.

As they neared the lodge at the gates, where dwelt the gardener and his wife, she sprang, as usual, up to the door, in quest of her old friend Willy, a pretty boy about her own age.

"Where's Willy?" she asked of the wife, who was busy in the room over her domestic duties.

"Ah, my dear young lady, is it you? Many happy returns of the day, my sweetest. And oh, what a love of a bonnet!"

"Yes, I know. Thank; everybody has been wishing it to me. But where's Willy?"

"Willy's in bed," cried the woman, coming forward, and speaking in a whisper. "I don't know what's the matter with him, whether it is a bad cold, or his tooth, or what; but he is in bed, and very ill."

Quick as thought Miss Vereker had stepped over the upright board at the door placed there to stop the exit, at will, of a younger child than Willy, and had flown into the back room. On one of the beds there—for it contained two—lay the boy, his face almost the color of scarlet, and his eyes and lips looking hot, swollen and inflamed.

"Dearest little Willy!" she exclaimed, the tears rising to her own eyes, "what is it has made you ill? You will not be able to come up at dusk and see the fireworks."

Dearest little Willy! It was her frequent salutation to him, though the boy was nearly as old as she in years; but in deep thought and intellect she was as one twice his age.

Willy did not speak, did not even put out his hand, but lay there looking as ill and feverish as he could well look. And when Miss Harding and the mother entered the room, whither they had followed somewhat slowly, they found Georgina, her white birthday bonnet thrown to the back of her head, and her face close to Willy's, kissing his hot lips, and of course inhaling his breath.

The governess clasped the little girl's waist, and removed her from the bed.

"Do you know that you should never go so close to one who is ill, until you know what their disorder may be," she said. "And were it not that you have had measles, you had probably done a dangerous thing now; for I do think the child has them."

"Oh, no, ma'am," interrupted the mother, "Willy has had the measles once. He has been crying all night with the toothache, and I think his face looks inflamed from that. Those decayed back teeth, even in children, often make the face hot and swollen. I don't think it is anything else, though he seems to have got a bad cold with it. He will be better to-morrow, I dare say."

Miss Harding thought the woman was most likely right. She had had little or no experience in the maladies of children. "I would keep him in bed all day," she observed; he looks extremely feverish."

"And he is very thirsty," returned the mother. "I was making him some toast-and-water when little miss came in. Should he seem no better to-night, I shall ask Mr. Rice to step up and see him."

"I'll bring you a great piece of birthday cake to-morrow," whispered Georgina, leaning on the bed, her face close to the boy's. "And I will tell them to send down some lemons when I go home now; for lemonade is much nicer to drink than toast-and-water. Shall I, Willy?"

He panted out a feeble "Yes," and once more kissing his feverish lips, little Miss Vereker followed her governess from the room.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a brilliant affair, that birthday night. Old and young were mixed together, for the parents of many a child had come, and were looking on with eager delight. It may be that each mother thought her own offspring the loveliest and brightest—we all remember the old saying about the crow.

But had an unprejudiced observer been present, he would, unhesitatingly have pointed out Georgina Vereker as the scene's chief ornament; the one rose amidst a heap of dandelions. Her fairy figure was floating everywhere; her shining curls might be caught a glimpse of, it seemed, in twenty places at once; her elegant gossamer robes were brushing past everyone.

Some of the mothers talked askance about vanity and extravagance, and said she was over dressed. Perhaps she was; for the sleeves of her white lace robe were looped up with pearls, a valuable pearl necklace was round her neck, and its bracelets were on her arms.

Oh, she was a lovely child! with her exquisite features, their strangely deep expression, and, this night, her brilliant color. And many of the lads present seemed to know it; for boys, and girls too, have a notion of flirtation at a wonderfully early age.

"What is the matter, my boy?" cried Mrs. Chenevix, to her son, a heavy young gentleman of some ten or eleven years; "why do you look so out of humor?"

"Georgina's gone and danced with Charley Wilde," pouted the boy; "and she knows I wanted her."

"I was going to ask Miss Vereker," grumbled another juvenile, "only Charley ran up while I was thinking what to say."

"And that great big Lady Lorton's boy has told her he shall have her next," retorted Master Chenevix; "he always has his own way, wherever he goes. It's too bad of Georgina."

Poor Lady Lorton sat close by; a little mite of a shrivelled-up woman; and Master Chenevix had put the "great big" in the wrong place, for he had meant to apply it to her son and heir.

"Georgina," said Mrs. Chenevix, as the child came near her in the dance, "here's Arthur so anxious to be your partner; will you not dance with him?"

"I will dance with him directly that they will let me," returned the fairy; "but they keep asking me so, I have no time. Indeed I will, Arthur," she said earnestly, placing her little hand in his—"I want to dance with you; I hope I shall have time to dance with everybody."

"But you have danced with that big

Lorton once, and you are going to dance with him again," retorted Master Chenevix, becoming green with jealousy—"and only look how his hair's curled!"

"Why won't yours curl?" exclaimed Georgina.

"I should like to see them putting mine to curl," returned the young gentleman, with as much contempt as he could throw into his tone. "They had better try it!"

Had Georgina been a little older, she might have thought of the fox and the grapes; but she only spoke, brimful of sympathy.

"I don't think it would curl," she said innocently, looking at the straight black tails that were brushed so smooth and sleek upon his head.

"But if his hair does curl," answered the desperate boy, whose exasperation had been sevenfold augmented by Georgina's last speech, "that's no reason why you should go and dance with him twice."

"How can I help it if he asks me," replied the little girl. "I don't dance with him because his hair's curled—what has that to do with dancing?"

"Well, I shall vote that we change to blind-man's-buff, or something of that sort, if this is to continue," said Master Chenevix; and he turned away all spleen and spite, while Georgina ran back again to finish the dance she had quitted.

But if other eyes and hearts testified their admiration of Georgina, what can be said of the feelings of Mrs. Vereker? No words could express them. Times upon times that night were the tears in her eyes; times upon times did her bosom heave and swell with its intensity of emotion; for the evident and expressed admiration evinced by others for her darling child wrought her own love and adoration of her to an excess of passion extremely difficult to keep under the bounds of control and concealment. In that child was concentred all; her hopes, her happiness, almost her dreams of a hereafter. She performed the duties of hospitality mechanically, her thoughts never wandering from Georgina; she professed interest, according to the dictate of politeness, in her guests' affairs, in her guests' children; but they were in reality uncared for as is the sand by the sea-shore. Georgina, her darling child! Georgina, her only stay on earth! What wonder that others' hopes and sorrows, the cares and the joy that overwhelmed the rest of God's creatures, were lost in the waves of this wild idolatry?

But a few evenings after this one, so few that the elapsed time might be reckoned by hours, a widely different scene was being enacted at Mrs. Vereker's.

Georgina was ill. On the previous day—they recollected it now—she had seemed more quiet and subdued than usual; on this, she had complained of headache, and now she was stretched upon a sofa, her eyelids heavy, her face flushed, a burning thirst upon her, and turning with absolute loathing from the thin slice of toast they were handing her with her tea. Mrs. Vereker had gone to the county town early in the morning; she had business at her solicitor's, and now, in the twilight of that of evening, she had re-entered her home, and was leaning over the sofa.

"My dearest! my dearest!" what is it? Miss Harding, you have suffered her to play too boisterously, and she has fatigued herself. Look at her flushed face and swollen eyes."

Mrs. Vereker, as she spoke, turned to the governess, a frown upon her brow; but the latter answered quietly:

"She has not played at all! she appeared too languid this morning even to learn her lessons, and I excused them. But within the last hour she has seemed much worse, and has looked as you see her now."

"Mamma," said the little girl, "I think I am going to be ill with the same illness that Willy has. When I saw myself in the glass just before I lay down here, my face looked red and hot like his did on the morning of my birthday. And my throat is so sore."

The very lips of Mrs. Vereker turned livid. Scarlet fever!—for that had proved to be the complaint of the gardener's boy. Scarlet fever for her child—her inestimable treasure—the only living object she possessed or cared for on earth! Scarlet fever! Ah, Mrs. Vereker, mortals as passionately idolized as is that child of yours, have been removed from amongst us, in spite of our prayers and tears, by that dangerous malady.

Mrs. Vereker's hand shook as she rang the bell, and she spoke in a hurried nervous manner to the servant who answered it.

"Go to Mr. Rice's instantly—lose not a moment—and bring him up—bring him up with you, do you hear? Miss Vereker is ill."

Another servant, soon afterwards, entered with candles, but she motioned him away with his lights. What! have the windows shut up, and the curtains drawn, when she was watching in that restless state of excitement for the surgeon! He might close the windows of the rest of the house, but not these.

The messenger made good speed, and the surgeon returned with him; nevertheless, to Mrs. Vereker, the time seemed an age; as it does to all who are in a state of suspense. Lights was called for now. The doctor was a short, thin man, plain in features, his eyes dark and keen. He was somewhat abrupt in manner, and plain-spoken, but with a kind, sincere heart. He took one of the wax-lights in his hand, and held it so that he might see the face of Georgina. She immediately shaded her eyes with her hand, and turned her face from the light.

"A moment, my dear," said the surgeon; "the light is painful to you possibly, but I will remove it when I have looked at your face. How can I tell what is the matter with you, unless I see your face—eh, Miss Georgy?"

"My head aches so, and my eyes," said the child; but, in all obedience, she turned her face towards Mr. Rice. He looked at her in silence for a few minutes, passed his hand across her brow, set the candle upon the table, and sat down.

"Is it—is it scarlet fever?" inquired Mrs. Vereker, her emotion causing her literally to scream out the words.

"It is scarlet fever," replied the surgeon, quietly—he was cautious to betray no emotion. "And, madam, it will be a good thing over. Most people have it once in their lives. Better have it at the age of this child than at yours or mine."

Mrs. Vereker tried to speak; she tried to keep down the terrible emotion that was oppressing her; she tried to suppress all visible tokens of the shock the surgeon's confirmation of her fears had brought; and she could not.

Mr. Rice looked round the room. On a side-table stood a crystal jug filled with water, and a tumbler. He rose, poured some out, and handed it to Mrs. Vereker.

"Oh, doctor?" she whispered, "will she recover? Is there danger?"

"I have had at least twenty cases of scarlet fever this spring," observed the doctor, sitting down and speaking aloud with the calmest, most unconcerned air in the world. "It has been very prevalent, as you know."

"And how many have——" died, Mrs. Vereker was going to say, but glanced at the child, and changed the question—"how many have recovered?"

"Every one, ma'am; they are all alive and hearty now. And if God helps us, we will bring Miss Georgy through it too. By this day fortnight we shall have her as sprightly as she was on her birthday night."

"How is Willy?" inquired the little girl, forgetting for the moment her own sufferings as she thought of her old playfellow.

"Oh, Willy's well again," replied the surgeon. "He had it very lightly, and his mother is an excellent nurse. But this little patient here had better be got to bed, Miss Harding."

"I will have a large fire made in her room, and the bed warmed," ejaculated Mrs. Vereker. "Miss Harding, will you be kind enough to give orders, and hurry—"

"You will have no fire in her room," interrupted the doctor, "and there is no necessity for warming the bed. The room must be kept cool, and well ventilated. If the chimney should be stuffed up, madam—that most pernicious custom, which some people are so fond of—order the stuffing down, and don't ever put it up again; and keep the door open."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Vereker, not really knowing what she was saying.

"She had better go to bed at once," resumed Mr. Rice. "give her plenty of cooling drink, and I will send up some medicine as soon as I return."

"But she wants to drink every five minutes," interposed Miss Harding.

"And let her," added the surgeon.

"Doctor," Mrs. Vereker, following him into the hall, "I shall send an express to W—— to-night for one of the physicians; whom would your recommend?"

"None of them," answered the surgeon. "As far as I am concerned, I would prefer to act alone."

"But if there should be danger," urged Mrs. Vereker.

"There is no danger yet," he replied, "and I trust there will be none. But I can assure you, Mrs. Vereker, were I to see the slightest indication of it, I should be the first to call in additional advice. Were your child in danger, I should shrink from the responsibility of acting alone."

"You are sure you understand the case?" resumed Mrs. Vereker, anxiously.

The doctor laughed cheerily.

"I am hard upon sixty years old, madam," he said, "and have had some hundreds of these cases in my long practice."

"But you have lost some?"

"What medical practitioner can say he has not?" returned Mr. Rice. "Look at Lady Lorton's child two years ago. They would not follow my directions. The lad was cased in flannel, and kept in a room with little or no ventilation, close as an oven, and with a fire large enough to roast an ox, in spite of all I could say or do. Neither did they give him his medicine. When I remonstrated, Lady Lorton's answer was that it was winter, everyone was shivering with cold, so he ought to be kept warm; and that he 'wouldn't' take his physic. The boy died, and where was the wonder?"

"But there are surely cases where the fever takes so desperate a hold, that no treatment, however judicious, can arrest a fatal termination?" persisted Mrs. Vereker, shivering as she listened for the answer.

"Madam, there are such cases," replied the surgeon, "cases in which all the faculty combined could avail nothing. Comparatively speaking, however, they are rare. And pray do not indulge in evil forebodings," he continued, taking her hand kindly; "I know you are more painfully anxious than even most mothers, but there are no fears, so far as can be seen at present, that your daughter will not do well. Above all, appear easy and calm when with her; she is a most sensitive child, and her mind must be kept quiet."

Mrs. Vereker watched the surgeon's exit from the hall door, and then she turned into a little apartment close at hand; the study they called it, for it was where Georgina did her lessons with her governess. There was no sofa in it, but Mrs. Vereker knelt down before a chair—as one might do in intense agony. She pressed her forehead against its bars; she pressed her trembling hands upon her temples; she could have willingly prostrated herself upon the floor in her excess of anguish.

One short, impassioned, earnest prayer rose from her lips to the Throne of Heaven, and she left the room again her steps staggered as one in weakness. She remembered, however, the surgeon's caution, and she smoothed with her hands the quiet bands of her gray hair, and composed her features to calmness, ere she ventured into the presence of her sick and sensitive child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BULLS.—Did an Irishman ever make a greater blunder than the English lawyer who drew up an indictment in which it was charged that the prisoner at the bar killed a man with certain wooden instrument called an iron pestle? Or than Peter Harrison, a commentator on the Pentateuch, who, in explaining about the tables of stone on which Moses wrote the commandments, said, "they were probably made of Shittim wood." Or than the English major who, when he was superintending the hanging of a rebel Irishman in 1798, and the rope broke, and the poor wretch fell to the ground, seized him by the throat, crying out, "You rascal, if you do that again, I'll kill you, as sure as you breathe?" Or than a correspondent of the English Royal Society, who talked of an earthquake that had the honor of being noticed by the said society? Or was there ever a bull more exquisite than that of an Englishman who, speaking of his nurse, said, "I hate her, for she changed me for another when I was a baby?" And was it not a bull of the first order that was perpetrated by a Frenchman, who, in a quarrel with his father, said, "I owe you no gratitude, for, had you not been born, I should have inherited my grandfather's property."

GLASS.—The Builder suggests that sheets of glass should be used to cover walls of hospitals instead of cement, as it is impermeable to moisture and infection.

IF YOUR THROAT FEELS SORE OR UNCOMFORTABLE, use promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. It will relieve the air-passages of all phlegm or mucous, allay inflammation, and so give the affected parts a chance to heal. No safer remedy can be had for all Coughs and Colds, or any complaint of the Throat or Lungs, and if taken in time, a short trial will prove its efficacy.

Scientific and Useful.

LIGHT.—The light of schoolrooms should always be arranged to fall over the left hand side of the scholar, and the window-accommodation should be one-fifth of the floor-space; the limitations of this requirement is said to be the cause of short sight among the Germans.

THE LIGHTEST.—It is popularly supposed that aluminum is the lightest of metals; but this is not the case. Magnesium is one-third lighter, and is harder, tougher, and denser. Until recently it was cheaper than aluminum. It is less affected by alkalies than the latter metal, and takes a high polish.

TOOL HARDENING.—German engravers harden their tools by heating them to a white heat, and then plunging them into sealing-wax, continuing the operation until the tool cools. By this method the steel becomes almost as hard as a diamond, and, when touched with a little oil, is excellent for engraving or for drilling into other metals.

GOLD FILLING.—Dental surgeons have patented processes for imitating gold fillings in false teeth. This is done by burnishing gold foil upon them in the manner commonly termed "fire gilding." Nobody would be likely to suspect that grinders showing plain signs of repair were artificial. Several applications have been made for patents for processes for setting diamonds in the teeth—the front teeth, of course—holes being drilled to receive the gems.

TIMBER STRENGTH TESTS.—It would be difficult to convince the average man, especially the Missouri pioneer, that fir is a stronger wood than oak, but such has been proven by actual tests that were made by a fair and impartial committee appointed for that purpose. The timbers used were each 2 by 4 inches and four feet long, both ends solidly braced and the weight applied in the middle of the span. Yellow fir stood a strain of 3002 pounds, common Oregon oak, 2923 pounds. Fine-grained yellow fir from near the butt stood a strain of 3035 pounds, and best Michigan oak snapped with a strain of only 2428 pounds.

Farm and Garden.

LEAVES.—When the leaves are allowed to go to waste there is but little actual loss in that manner, but it means a loss of valuable manure that might have been saved by using the leaves as an absorbent.

FERTILIZERS.—A farm can be made very fertile without an ounce of manure by the use of commerical fertilizers. They supply plants with food that is available from the start until maturity of the crop.

IDEAS AND PRINCIPLES.—New principles and new ideas are constantly being evolved in the world of agriculture, which the wideawake, intelligent farmer seizes and acts upon at once, or instead thereof gets left in the procession.

POTATOES.—The small potatoes are worth nearly as much per bushel, in food value, on the farm, as the larger ones. They may not be salable, but the pigs will care nothing for the size, and will accept them as readily as they will the best.

STAGNANT WATER.—Stagnant water in a soil will cause it to sour, and this will be detrimental to any crop. If you have such land on your farm, better put a part of your surplus earnings into the building of a tile drain. This will give a better interest on the investment than to place the money in bank.

MILKING.—If you doubt about the necessity of milking cows with exact regularity, try the regular and irregular system on two of your cows and see for yourself. Milk one regularly to the minute each day, let the time vary for the other from half an hour to three hours, and see how soon the second cow will fall off in her milk.

LOSS OF FERTILITY.—Land that is left naked through the winter will suffer some loss of fertility through the evaporation of the nitrates. A covering of snow will lessen this loss, but where not sure of having that, it is a good plan to sow rye or some other green crop for protection; the turning under of this in spring will also be a direct addition to the store of plant food.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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TO OUR READERS.

As this is the season when our friends and readers are no doubt thinking of kindly holiday remembrances of each other, we suggest that a good way to accomplish this worthy object, with certain satisfaction and benefit all round, is to give a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Ordinary gifts are apt to become less reminiscent of the giver after a few days or so, but THE POST would keep the time and the occasion and the memory of the giver bright, with its weekly visits to the household, all through the year. Just think and see whether any present could be given of more real value and usefulness than THE POST.

On Anxiety.

All who survive childhood feel the grip of anxiety at some time and under some form; for, if a man be not anxious from care and business, he will be anxious about his pleasures and indulgences. Anxiety is as searching as the east wind; it pierces into the marrow of our bones, finds out a weak spot, and chills it only to inflame it into a fever—an intermittent fever, however.

Intense anxiety is hardly consistent with a persistent ill-fortune; resignation—a mild despair—comes to the relief of the man constantly cast down by ill-luck, and he ceases to kick against the pricks. Hoping nothing, expecting nothing, he fears little. The essence of anxiety is a feverish hope; its quintessence, a sickening fear. The atmosphere of anxiety is uncertainty; its food, suspense. It carries a keen chisel, and carves men's countenances into more wrinkles than all the great passions put together; while its acid bites into their minds, leaving channels into which tear will run so long as their lives last.

Though a man be so fenced about that for himself he need entertain no anxiety, yet if he be of any magnanimity of soul, anxiety will creep into it for the sake of others. In vain does man strive to forecast the object of his doubt; while watching the east, in all probability his dread will be stealing upon him from the west; if he looks to the north, behold! his fear has found him out, creeping upon him from the south.

Or he may teach a cause for anxiety to appear by dreading it; for courage to overcome a devouring fear of the future is as necessary as putting on a bold front in the presence of a wild beast. This is one reason why it should be as much as possible repressed.

Another stronger one why it should be zealously guarded against is, that it clouds and dims the mind, as fasting or ill food subdues the body. And so we become open to an infection, capable of ill thoughts, weak enough to entertain sick suspicions, which would gain no admittance in a healthier state of being.

An anxious night—who has not passed it? For anxieties, like bats, fly best by night. As the twilight falls, how insidiously an anxiety flits into the mind, scarcely troubling us at first—still, it is there.

By-and-by, as the gloaming deepens into darkness, the creature brushes past our face, and rouses us with a start to a sense of its presence, filling us with a nameless dread. We coax ourselves into a doze, only to be awakened to a consciousness that the vampire has settled and is sucking our lifeblood.

No more sleep for us; we toss and tumble from side to side; the flitting bat-wings of the trouble, and our sighs, the only sounds disturbing the darkness. Now is the time for an exorcism: we try it, and listen fearfully. All is still. Has the enemy departed? For ten panting seconds we believe it has; till a sudden sinking of the heart—a sudden inrush of thoughts and fears that kindle fears, "an indistinguishable throng"—warns us to put aside all vain notions of reprieve, all hope of release for this one while.

We have compared troubles to bats; and when the bats have once entered a room, they are difficult of dislodgement; despite drivings to and fro, beatings up and down, they swoop silently and uninjured from wall to wall, just managing to elude their pursuer. An open window and a light outside is a better remedy than all the buffetings within the house; so, to open the window of our mind and let our anxiety flit out into the light of another man's understanding, to tell our fearful anticipations to a friend, is more likely to bring relief than the battering of it up and down in our dark and ruffled minds.

A man may be anxious by habit, or by temperament, or, still oftener, by ignorance; and all these things, like mist, by confusing the outline of an object, magnify it. When a man has suffered anxiety silently and, as the event proves, needlessly, he draws a long breath, and dismisses it wholly from his mind: he was mistaken, that was all. But should his anxiety have been aroused needlessly, he feels himself at liberty to despise his prognostications henceforth—without, however, suffering his opinion of his own wisdom to be impaired by a perhaps similar error of judgment.

But then, no one but himself knew of his mistake, and we live so much in what we think to be other people's opinion of us, that what they do not know is comparatively easy for us to forget. Many nourish a secret dread of naming a fear, lest a whispered word may bring it—like an avalanche, unsettled by a breath—down upon their heads.

Others, impatient of suspense, unable to wait with steady nerves to pay their debt in due season, hurry the toll into the reluctant hand of the grim collector: of these are suicides. It is not despair—certainty—that unnerves a man, so much as a prolonged uncertainty; events inclining now this way and now that, until the balance of the strained and anxious mind is lost.

Yet it is exactly the mingling of hope and fear that forms the most powerful stimulant to energy and exertion of which human nature is capable. Under its influence men are goaded to excel themselves. Nay, more, without it, the joys of life would be robbed of half their poignancy.

Who is it, think you, that relishes the desire fulfilled, like the man who has experienced hope deferred? There is no one object on which our minds are greatly set, from which all spice of anxiety can be completely banished. The Indian shooting the rapids in his frail canoe feels it, and it adds a thrill of pleasure to his sense of the audacity of his venture; the statesman perorating to the House feels it running tingling through his veins, adding fire to his imagination, lending eloquence to his tongue. The gambler is so enamored of its power to brace up his relaxed and over-stimulated nerves, that to its delirious enjoyment he will sacrifice state and station, mankind's and his own esteem, and think the madness cheaply purchased.

Life without the joy of mingled hope and fear, without anxiety, would be a stagnant pool deprived of the spring that keeps running and sweet, and relegating this "pleasing anxious being" of the Western world to the Oriental calm of fatalism.

When the current of life runs slow, weeds gather on the surface and crowd the depths, we are in danger of yielding to the strongest temptation that besets a life free from fear, unflavored by hope—namely, the danger of yielding ourselves to the power of the vis inertiæ; shut up in ourselves, our fancies, our ailments, our own affairs, lost to all use, like Merlin in the forest under Vivien's spell, sunk in sloth, and the "sweet reasonableness" of doing nothing when nothing apparently needs to be done.

"A PAIN forgotten is a pain cured" is a proverb we have never heard, but we think it would be a good one. We know more than one person who cherishes ailments, and of them makes a never-failing topic of conversation, which is never agreeable, and ceases to be interesting to others after a time. If the purpose of such conversation is to obtain sympathy, it certainly fails of its object. When one is really suffering, a regard for the feelings of friends would cause one to be very careful not to talk about it unnecessarily; for what is more distressing than to witness pain which one has no power to alleviate, and to be continually reminded of sorrows which cannot be assuaged?

"THE best rule," says a wise writer, "is to say all the good we can of every one, and to refrain from saying evil, unless it becomes a clear matter of duty to warn. Slander is a sin much worse than theft. We should no more bite one with our words than with our teeth. An angry word is as bad as a blow often, and a satirical word is like a sting."

HAVE eight hours a days entirely devoted to business, and you will then find you have time for other pursuits; this for some time to come will seem to you a paradox, but you will one day be convinced of the truth of what I tell you, that the man who is the most engaged has always the most leisure.

BOTH our mental and moral acquisitions increase by their communication to others; which gives an illustration of two truths—first, that we are framed to carry out the law of love; and second, that the possessions which multiply in the imparting are naturally the most valuable.

A MAN of virtue is an honor to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the whole world; he is rich without oppression or dishonesty, charitable without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.

THE great question of life is the suffering we cause; and the utmost ingenuity of metaphysics cannot justify the man who has pierced the heart that loves him.

THERE is no feeling stronger than that which goes with gratitude, when one is anxious lest he shall not manifest gratitude where it is deserved.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. R. P.—A woman in drowning invariably falls forward on her face, and floats in that position; a man, on the other hand, is more often upon his back, or at least with face up.

MCGINTY.—There are many systems of shorthand, and you do not give us any hint which you are going to study. If you have not made a selection, perhaps you would find Pitman's the simplest and easiest to master.

T. E.—Insanity is frequently hereditary, but it is not necessarily so. If you are in full possession of your senses, and are healthy and strong, there is no reason why you should go out of you mind because an ancestor of yours was so afflicted.

B. G. O.—The yellowish-brown color of Chinese nankins is the natural tint of the cotton, and is not imparted by dyeing. The name is derived from the city of Nankin (or Nanking), to which place the manufacture of these cotton-stuffs was once peculiar.

PUZZLED.—All years end at twelve o'clock midnight on 31st December. The period is regulated by the time the earth takes to go round the sun, which is 365 days, odd hours and minutes, and to keep things straight an extra day is introduced into every fourth year to use up these odd hours.

ANXIOUS.—Somnambulism, unless hereditary, can generally be traced to some exciting cause; your very nervousness on the subject will tend to increase it. You had better go to a good medical man and tell him all the circumstances of the case; it is most likely that something can be done to cure you.

A. M.—If your son has any aptitude for a trade, and you can get him taught one, he will be far better off than studying medicine, without any hope of progressing. Hundreds of young fellows are going about with nothing to do, unable to get a living, because they cannot turn their hands to anything outside their profession.

FRED MERTON.—Military service in Germany is compulsory, not voluntary as with us. Every German capable of bearing arms has to be in the standing army (or navy) for seven years, as a rule from the finished 20th till the beginning of the 28th year of his age, though liability to the service begins when his 17th year is completed.

WARRIOR.—A gun weighing 120 tons, manufactured by Krupp for the Russian fortification, sent a 2,000 lb. shot, four feet long, clean through 19 inches of armor at 1,000 yards distance, the projectile going 1,312 yards beyond the target after piercing; the barrel of the gun was 44 feet long, the bore 16¼ inches, greatest diameter of gun 6¼ feet, charge of powder 700 lbs.

A. E. P.—The trade winds which aided Columbus in his voyage to America, have been known to Europeans since the end of the fourteenth century. The limits within which they prevail vary from month to month with the varying position of the sun, the range being about ten degrees. It is stated that in general the trade wind is not accompanied by clouds, and that the air is comparatively dry.

C. G.—Dreams are generally produced by the waking thoughts which have preceded them. Visions of unnatural horrors and gruesomeness are often produced by injudicious eating. There are no doubt many authentic cases of dreams which have, in some occult way, foreshadowed actual events, but the cause of such mental condition as induce them is beyond our power to explain. Some persons are far more disposed to such occurrences than others.

ESTATE.—We would strongly advise you to have nothing to do with a new house now in process of completion. An atmosphere gathers in the apartments of such a dwelling at nights that tries the very hardiest constitution. Then this is a wet season, houses will not dry quickly; and even if you got the place free for a time on condition of firing it, do not forget that the process would not be complete or satisfactory, as the houses above you especially remained damp; the moisture from them would descend to you and even somefrom below be drawn up by capillary attraction.

F. G. R. S.—1. In commencing a letter to a gentleman friend it is customary to say, "Dear Mr. Smith," unless he is an old friend, and then it should be "My dear Mr. Smith." 2. The upper left hand corner of the visiting card is turned down to signify that the call was made in person. 3. It is usually customary for a gentleman to write first to a young lady; but if she should wish some information from him, or have some similar reason for opening a correspondence, there would be no impropriety in her writing. 4. It is not necessary to ask a person to write each time a letter is answered, politeness leading one to conclude that a reply will be made in due season.

LISABEL.—A great deal has been written about handshaking, and the subject is not exhausted. It is one of the many indications of character, and ought not, like handwriting, to be made to mean too much. You will find that those who pump with your hand and arm, those who grip you like a vice, those who lay their hand in yours like a dead weight and leave you to dispose of it, those who waggle your hand, and a dozen other varieties of hand-shakers may be all good people with unfortunate ways; but the two-finger shaker is invariably a snob who means to show his belief in his own superiority through this friendly usage. There is no need for you to shake hands; but, if you do it, do it properly. If you let a man shake hands with you twice in an objectionable way, on the second occasion the fault is your own.

RENOUNCEMENT.

BY MRS. PEYNELL.

"I must not think of thee; and tired yet strong
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

"Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright.
But it must never, never come in sight,
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

"But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

"Must doff my will as raiment laid away,
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

An Experiment.

BY S. U. W.

RORO, do you want anything in town, I am going in this afternoon?" asked the Squire's young wife, as she sat at breakfast one June morning.

"No, thanks, little woman; but what may you be going to do there?"

"I want some lace, and I have promised to see Mrs. Ireson."

"Why do you go to that woman, Katie, when you know I don't like it?"

"Oh, you don't really mind, and I'm not asking you to come," replied his wife, bringing him a cup of coffee and giving him a kiss at the same time.

They were very much in love with each other, these two, for all that they had been married nearly two years. She was the tiniest little creature, slight, fair and very pretty; healthy in body, though nervous, quick-tempered, and passionate. Clever, too, and with a strong will of her own that had been fostered and strengthened by the circumstances of her life.

The only child of adoring parents, she had domineered alike over them, her relations, servants, and indeed all who came near her. A bright, gay, happy disposition and a tender loving heart had prevented her from being spoilt as she must otherwise have been.

When Squire Bransome came home from his tour round the world, he too went down at her her tiny feet, and it being a case, on both sides, of love at first sight, there was every prospect of their future happiness.

He was a tall man and broad in proportion, with a handsome if rather massive head, and well-formed limbs. He was some ten years older than his wife, who had just passed her twentieth year. Katie would tell you that, in character, he was a darling old softie, too lazy to stir more than he was obliged to, perfectly happy with her, and quite content to let her wind him around her little finger. Outsiders would tell a different story. His strength was proverbial, and he was counted the best shot and keenest hunter in the county. Though the youngest magistrate on the bench, he was dreaded by evil-doers for severity and respected for his firmness.

Katie saw him only as she chose to see him, though had she been wise she would have observed many little indications that would have warned her from the dangerous path she had taken.

But with curious and persistent blindness she saw nothing, and went on in her loving, domineering wilful way, all unconscious that every act of opposition or disobedience was remembered and allowed to accumulate in her husband's mind, against a day of reckoning that must inevitably come.

This morning he said, as he took his coffee: "Don't go, wee wife; I would rather you didn't."

Katie made a little moue as she answered: "But I must get the lace; and I'm sure I must go to Mrs. Ireson, if it's only in pity for the poor thing because you dislike her."

Roger was silent: he did not know how to deal with this little wife of his; she was such a tiny mite that it seemed absurd to imagine she could seriously oppose her will to his. It was a long time before he realized that such was really the case, but he had been aware of the fact now for some months, and puzzled over what to do. He was always slow to make up his mind, but, once made, no power on earth could move him from his decision.

He got up now to leave the room, when Katie said: "Oh, Roro, I saw widow Johnston yesterday; she is in great trouble because you sent Tom away. But I found out that he really was kept by his uncle, so I said he could come back and I would make it all right with you."

"You said what?" ask Roger, in so sharp and stern a voice that Katie stared at him with amazement.

"Why, Big Bear, how savage you are—you frighten me."

She had so dubbed him on their honeymoon, because she said he reminded her of a big brown bear she had known in the public gardens when at school in Dinan. "He was something like you," she had said, regarding her big husband with loving criticism. "Much flattered," he laughed. "He was a very handsome bear," she continued, "and so loving and lazy, and just such an old softie as you are; he was called Roger, too, though every one called him Roro;" and she nestled up to him, calling him from that day forth either Roro or Big Bear. At first he had asked her not to do so; she only laughed and continued, and he had come to be indifferent about it, if not actually to like it. This morning, however, it annoyed him, and he said shortly:

'Don't call me 'Bear'; I don't like it. What did you say about Tom?"

"Only that when I found he really had been kept by his uncle, I would make it all right with you, and he could come back."

"Then you may tell his mother that you had made a mistake; he will not come back."

"But, Roro, you don't seem to understand it; it was not the boy's fault he was kept."

"That is nothing to me. He knew my rules; if he chose to break them he must take the consequences; and you had better tell so."

"What a hard-hearted old bear it pretends to be; but he won't be coming, because his mother said she daren't send him up until she'd heard from you, for 'the Squire's a hard man,' she told me; wasn't it funny, Roro?"

"Very," answered Roger, quietly. "But widow Johnston is wiser than you, little woman."

"But I may have Tom back?"

"Take care, Katie; you will make me angry one day," said her husband, looking at her earnestly.

"Shall I?" answered Katie, nestling up to him in the loving, kittenish way she had. "What would you do to me if you were angry?"

"Beat you, perhaps," said Roger, slowly.

Katie laughed a low happy laugh.

"You would have to be careful, then; a blow from that paw would soon make an end of wee Katie," and she took one of his large, shapely hands in hers and kissed each finger separately.

"Yes," said Roger, looking down with a feeling of perplexed powerlessness at the tiny confiding thing whose golden head didn't even reach to his heart; "I fear it would; I should have to use a bunch of feathers as they do for babies. But, wee wife, I wish you would understand that when I say a thing I mean it; I will not brook any opposition from you. I am a man, and I will be master!"

"I never doubted you being a man," laughed the incorrigible Katie; "and as to being master, why what an old goosey it is," and she mounted upon an ottoman that she called the platform of love, as it enabled her to put her arms round Roger's neck. "Of course you shall have your way, you always do, but I can't quite give in to you in everything; I'm not a piece of wax that you can mould as you choose. Besides, you wouldn't really like me to be only an echo of yourself, or to ask with fear and trembling, 'Dear lord and master, may I do so and so?' No; I love you dearly, and you love me, and there's no need for such fierce mastery on either side. It's no good frowning; I'm not afraid of you, Big Bear."

And she joined her hands softly round his neck, and kissed him again and again.

She did not observe that he neither returned the caress nor said any thing more.

She went to town that afternoon, bought her lace, visited Mrs. Ireson, and gave Roger an amusing account of that lady, when at dinner.

"So you went after all," was his only remark.

"Of course, Big Bear; why not?" was her astonished rejoinder.

So the weeks passed by, and almost daily Katie offended her husband by doing or saying something or other in opposition to his wishes. He tried one or two times to make her understand, but found it difficult to explain himself, and didn't know how to parry the loving childish nonsense with which she would receive his remonstrances. But he brooded over it, the clouds gathered thicker and thicker, and one day the storm burst forth.

Katie had again announced her intention of visiting Mrs. Ireson, and Roger had again expressed his wish that she should not do so; more than that, he had said decidedly, "I forbid your going."

She only laughed, kissed him and said, "I'm not afraid of you, Big Bear."

"Don't go," were his last words before he left the house.

Katie went, calmly unconscious of the storm she was bringing down upon her devoted head.

After dinner, as they were in her Paradise, Roger asked:

"Where did you go to-day, little woman?"

"To see Mrs. Ireson; I told you I was going there," was the reply.

"This is too much," cried her husband, starting to his feet, "and I will put a stop to it once and and for all."

He walked over to the door.

"Are you going out, Roro?" asked Katie, vaguely uneasy to his manner.

"Yes; I am going into the town to buy something," he answered, looking at her with a curious expression in his eyes, and went out of the room.

In the hall he paused to put on his overcoat to hide his evening dress, and then walked quietly, at an even pace, the two miles into the town. It was market-day, and he knew the shops would be open still, although it was nine o'clock. Reaching Althorpe, he went into a fancy shop and asked to see some whips.

"Toys whips, do you mean, sir?" inquired the young woman, rather wondering what the Squire wanted with such an article, but concluding it was as a present to some child.

"Yes."

"Here are some nice ones," she said, bringing a lot forward; "this blue-handled one is pretty and has a whistle, too."

Roger took them up one after the other, a sudden remembrance crossing his mind that blue was Katie's favorite color. Perhaps that decided him in his choice; at any rate, he paid the shilling for the blue-handled whip, and returned as calmly to the house as he had left it.

Katie was in her bed-room; she had affected a singular style of garment when there, learnt from some French friends, and which consisted of a long loose robe of pale blue cambric, with low neck and short sleeves. Very charming she looked now in this attire, her small bare feet in satin slippers, and her short golden hair curled all around her graceful head.

Some time before she had burnt off one side of hair, while curling it with irons for some private theatricals, and had been obliged to have the other side cut off; as Roger admired it short, she had not grieved about the loss of it. She was wondering vaguely now why he had left her in that odd way, and had a dim idea that perhaps he really didn't like her going to Mrs. Ireson's, when he opened the door and came and stood before her.

"Oh, there you are, Big Bear; where have you been?"

"I went into the town to buy this," he answered slowly, showing her the gay, blue-handled whip.

"To buy that," said Katie, staring at the thing in bewilderment. "What for?"

"For you. Listen to me, Katie: I have had patience too long; now it is at an end; I will bear with you no more. You will not understand that I am and will be master; I will allow no opposition from you. You have chosen in the face of all I say to do as you like; if my wishes happen to clash against yours, then you please yourself, regardless of me. I have told you often I will not have it; I will have obedience from you; you only laugh, and go on the same. So there is nothing else for it; you have brought this entirely on yourself. I cannot bend your will—therefore I will break it; and I know no other way but this," and he touched the toy whip significantly.

Katie had been staring at him in utter bewilderment; it was all so unexpected, so sudden, that she felt stunned; but his last words, above all his movement, aroused her.

"You—you are not going to strike me, Roger?" she asked haltingly, her cheeks blanching and her eyes opening wide with terror.

"That is just what I am going to do," replied he calmly. "After all you are but a child, and had better be treated as such. I know your dread of physical pain—perhaps that may make you understand, as my words and wishes fail."

"You must be mad, or a brute!" she cried with a sudden flash of anger. "How dare you speak so to me! I will leave you; I will go back to mamma and daddy," and her voice faltered piteously.

"You will do nothing of the sort," answered Roger, in the same cold, slow tone of voice. "I am in my right; a husband legally is allowed to chastise his wife if necessary. I am not going to kill you, or even to hurt you very much, but I mean you to understand that I am master."

"A man who strike a woman is a coward—an unmanly, dishonorable coward," cried Katie, wildly.

"Have you done?" asked Roger, a hard steely look coming into his eyes that somehow cowed her. "I am neither a coward, or dishonorable or unmanly, but I have made up my mind what to do so, and I shall do it."

"But—but—Roro, I don't know why you are so angry," said Katie, passing her hand through her short curls with a bewildered movement.

"I am not angry—not in the least; I only mean to be master," repeated Roger doggedly.

"You are, dear; I have never gone against you, I have always done what you wished," answered Katie, in perfect faith and belief in her own words.

Roger raised his eyebrows. It was hopeless to make her understand by words, that was clear. "And this visit to Mrs. Ireson to-day, did I not forbid your going?"

"Yes, I know you did, but I thought you wouldn't really mind. Oh, Roro, have pity; only listen to me, I will explain it all," and she raised her pleading face to his, placing her hands as high as she could on his breast.

"Very well, you will of course find an excuse. Go on, I am listening.

"I only went because I thought you didn't mind really, and she is not as bad as you think—and——Ah, it is no good," she moaned, stopping in the middle of her sentence as she looked at her husband's cold impassive face.

"No good whatever," he acquiesced. "You may spare yourself and me any talk on the subject; I made up my mind weeks ago what to do and I shall do it," and he made a step forward.

Katie shrank from him with a low cry of terror.

"Have pity—have mercy!" she planted. "Roger, don't—Roger, save me!" And sick with fright, she threw herself straight into his arms, clinging to him convulsively as though wild fiends were after her.

Unmoved even by that soft warm clasp, Roger disengaged himself from her embrace, crushing one of her arms with unconscious force in his strong grasp, and taking the whip in his right hand struck her sharply across the bare shoulders three times.

Her agonized cry rang in his ears for long after. Releasing her, he said hoarsely: "You have no one to think but yourself; you forced me to it," and left the room.

It was characteristic of the man that, on going to his study, he took up the evening papers to read as usual, and, what is more, read them; although across the news of the races flitted Katie's imploring face, and drowning the shouts of applause at some great concert was his wee wife's cry of pain and terror. Finally he put down the papers and thought it all out again. "It is my only chance," he said at last; "if this fails, I must make up my mind to be most unhappy." He looked at his watch; it was near one. Pouring out a glass of wine, he put out the gas and went to Katie's room. The light was still burning, and he saw her golden head on the pillow and heard her convulsive sobbing. He frowned; she had cried too long, she would be ill. Going up to her, he touched her gently on the shoulder; she started with a cry of fear.

"Don't be silly, Katie, or imagine that every time I come near you now I am going to strike you; you know that is absurd. Here, drink this."

"I don't want anything," sobbed Katie.

"You will drink this," replied Roger. "When I come in let me find you have done so," and he went to his dressing-room.

Katie, feeling as though the whole world was crumbling under her feet, shaking with pain and fright, drank down the port obediently. Roger made no remark when he came in, and for the first time in the two years of their married life no good-night kiss was exchanged.

Neither slept much, though Roger, manlike, had the advantage over Katie, who, heart-broken, trembling with fear and pain—for it must be acknowledged she was an arrant little coward—lay shivering and

weeping all the night through. She could not get any distinct idea of who was right or who was wrong; she only knew that a great, a terrible sorrow had come unexpectedly upon her. Roger, her Roro, had struck her, had scolded her, had covered her with shame, did not seem to love her, and had gone to sleep without kissing or speaking to her.

He, in his wakeful intervals, had made up his mind what to do; he would go away the next day for a fortnight, after speaking to Katie seriously. Curiously enough, and rather to his annoyance, amid all the turmoil of feeling following that painful scene, the strongest desire he had was to take wee sobbing Katie in his arms and kiss away her tears. But he resisted the impluse.

"No, if I do it at all, I had better do it thoroughly," he muttered to himself, drawing back the arm he had half stretched out towards her. Once in his sleep, near morning, he put his hand on Katie's shoulder, and she turned and looked at the strong white fingers, and half shuddered and half longed to kiss them, as she had done, she remembered, some weeks ago, when he had spoken in jest, as she thought then, of striking her. Why had she not believed him? Why had she so misunderstood him? Gently she moved his hand away, and broke again into hopeless weeping.

The next morning, while dressing, Roger, having arranged his plan of action, prepared his little speech, and went into Katie's room.

"Are you awake?" he asked, standing tall and stern by her bedside.

She opened her eyes, and he was shocked and troubled to see how ill she looked. "Yet I didn't hurt her very much," was the swift thought that crossed his mind. He forgot that it was not only the physical pain his blows had given her, though even that was far more severe to a frail nervous girl like Katie than he could ever understand; but the suddenness of the attack, the complete revulsion of her life, had prostrated her; she felt sure of nothing, of no one, was utterly unnerved, struck to the ground.

"Listen to me, Katie," he went on. "I do not want any more such scenes as we had last night. One is enough for a lifetime; but I saw no other way of making you understand what I meant. I shall never strike you again, for if this once does not do what I hope it will, no number of blows would succeed; besides, it is beneath the dignity of a man, and not at all to my taste. I shall leave by the ten train and be away a fortnight; I shall not write to you, and do not wish to hear from you. While I am away think over what I have said. If we are to have any happiness in our lives, you must understand that I will be master. Whether you think it right or wrong is nothing to me; your will must and shall be subservient to mine. So let me find an obedient little wife when I return. Now, give me a kiss."

But Katie, worn out by her sorrowful night, and still half-dazed with shame and grief, turned from him with a shudder.

"Take care," said Roger coldly, though his heart gave a throb of pain as he saw the movement. "I will not ask you again for a kiss; you shall ask me, and if you do not do so soon, with a prayer for forgiveness, you risk a refusal and will spoil both our lives for ever," and he turned and left the room.

Katie, burying her burning head in the pillows, cried hysterically, "Oh, what has happened? What is the matter? What have I done? Oh, Roro, Roro, come back to me, I cannot live!"

Roger meanwhile was having his breakfast, and making a fairly good one. Halfway through he rang the bell, and when the servant came, said: "Take this coffee and something to eat to your mistress, and ask her if she is well enough to see me before I leave, otherwise I won't disturb her."

Janet took up the tray, and looked with much loving concern at her young mistress' tear-washed face.

"I've got a headache," explained Katie, to her old nurse, while she shivered so violently that her teeth chattered.

"Yes, and a heart-ache too, I fear, my lamb," muttered the old woman, who saw some difficulty had occurred between husband and wife, but discreetly asked nothing, merely saying: "The master wants to know if you are well enough to see him afore he goes."

Katie hesitated a moment; but her heart was sick and weary for Roger—her Roger, the one she knew, and she felt vaguely that she had misunderstood him, had treated him wrongly; he was her husband, her darling; she had sinned in ignorance, but still she had sinned!

Yes, she must see him, she would humble herself to him, would submit to him. What mattered her will, or Mrs. Ireson, or the world, or anything, compared with Roger. Only if she had but known, if he had only said what he wanted, or if she had only understood that she really vexed him! How blind she had been!

"Tell your master I shall be glad to see him," she said, at last, and then lay back and shut her eyes. She felt that this was a crisis in her life; she must begin again. God grant it was not too late!

Janet tidied up the room, brushed her your mistress' hair, and bathed her face, and would have put on a pretty pale blue wrapper; but Katie pushed it aside. "Not blue, not blue; I shall never wear blue again! I hate it!" she cried excitedly; and the old nurse, wondering, put aside the blue and brought out a pink one.

"Now drink some coffee and try to eat," and she left and took the message to the Squire, who said simply, "Very well," while his heart gave a throb of joy.

Katie drank her coffee, but of course could eat nothing, and then lay shivering nervously, waiting to hear Roger's footstep. At last it came, and the poor child clutched convulsively at her pillow to save her from she knew not what.

"You said you wished to see me, Katie," said Roger, and glancing timidly up she saw him standing, tall, cold and stern, by her bedside.

There was a last effort to subdue the pride and will that still surged up in her. Had he not struck her? her cheeks still burnt with shame. Must she submit? even if she did, would he forgive her? he looked so stern and merciless that she became too frightened to speak.

Roger stood there a minute or more while this struggle was going on in Katie's mind, then made a movement to the door with a heartsick sensation that all was over; his happiness in life was dashed to the ground. Katie's voice, faint, imploring, recalled him: "Roger, Roro, come back; I am sorry—forgive me and—kiss me."

He bent his head silently, not from surliness, but because his heart was too full for words.

Katie put her arms around his neck and imprinted a kiss on the corner of his mouth.

When Roger felt the old familiar touch of the warm fingers clasping his neck and the soft lips on his, he gave a smothered cry of love, and gathered his little wife to his heart, where she nestled like some wounded bird who has at last found rest.

* * * * * *

An hour later Roger left the house, and it was for the time the best thing he could do; for, the reaction over, Katie began again to feel hurt and angry, and burning with shame.

Again and again she would turn back the loose sleeve of her dress and look at the cruel marks on her arm left by Roger's strong fingers. It would never enter her head to doubt him; but would any real, true, loving man strike a woman even once? how would their lives be in the future?

Was she to do nothing she liked if he didn't happen to like it too? How even was she to know what did he wish if he wouldn't speak? After all, what had she done? was her sin of ignorant disobedience deserving of so merciless a punishment?

It was after all his fault. Why hadn't he told her that he didn't like her opposing him even in such trifles? How was she to know, for he had only laughed or said carelessly, "Take care, Katie, I shall get angry," which she took only as a joke?

"When he comes back, I will treat him coldly; he shall see I am not a child to be scolded and beaten!"

And so the first days passed on, wearily and sadly enough to the desolate little mistress of Bransome Towers, whose indignation died out, though she did all she could to fan the fire into life again.

She loved Roger too thoroughly to allow any feeling against him to remain long in her heart. He had not told her where he was going, and had even forbidden her writing to him.

Any other time she would not have heeded the prohibition, but would have written to his club, feeling confident that he would be glad to hear from her even though he had said not.

Now she was afraid, and though every day she wrote letter after letter she only tore them up. Her parents were traveling on the Continent; even had they been within reach Katie had too keen a sense of duty and love to Roger to complain to them.

After five days she began to be really ill; all day she passed lying on a couch near the window, sick with longing for Roger. He was her darling, if he would only come back.

What if some accident should happen to him? The nights were worse. She could not sleep, and would remain hour after hour moaning and weeping in a hopeless heart-broken manner.

Janet got seriously alarmed, but Katie's vehement refusal to have a message sent to the Squire's club silenced her; she said he would be back in a fortnight and had wished to have no letters sent on.

On hearing that, Janet would no more have dared to send a line, even though Katie were dying, than she would attempt to fly. It was curious how every one seemed to understand Roger better than Katie, who loved him so dearly, and whom he loved so well. Poor child, she went through a great agony in those days, that left its impress upon her for the rest of her life!

* * * * * *

Meanwhile Roger had spent the first week of his voluntary exile with a manfriend, and had been as miserable as possible. What could Hinton, an old bachelor, understand of the longings that seized him for his wee wife?

Hinton didn't like women, was afraid of a lady, and only looks upon them as toys, dangerous toys. He was delighted to have Roger with him, delighted to perceive that some hitch had occurred between his friend and his wife, though he was too much a man of the world to ask any questions, and took Roger's moody silences and savage retorts as though they were natural. "A fine fellow, spoilt by a woman again, bother them all!" was his general and inward benediction on the female sex.

But Roger was nearly as miserable without Katie as Katie was without him. Not that he regretted in the very least what he had done; it was not the outcome of a moment of passion, he had thought over it long and seriously; but he was a true man, with a big loving heart and a straightforward honorable mind.

He had done what he considered his duty, but it was none the less painful to him. Katie's look of bewildered terror and cry of pain haunted him, until he began to ask himself why she was so astonished. He had thought the matter over for months, it was no new thing to him; but he forgot that he had never given her the smallest hint as to what was in his mind.

He was a man who always found it difficult to explain himself, and rarely saw the necessity. He knew what he wanted and what he meant, but he neither could nor would explain to any one else. After a week with his friend he found life unbearable.

Hinton's cynical remarks about women disgusted him. He longed for Katie, for the touch of her soft fingers, even for the little imperious, dictatorial manner that had so often annoyed him, but which manner, here let it be said, he never saw again. He had broken her will, as he intended, but he found that the accomplishment of his greatest wish was not satisfactory on all points.

As he would not return home yet, having said he would be away for a fortnight, he suddenly made up his mind to visit a great-aunt of his who lived in a lovely spot among the Westmoreland hills.

Mrs. Crombie had brought him up when he was a small boy, and his parents, then in India, had been obliged to send him to England—they had both died abroad—and he knew no other home than "Auntie's," of whom he was very fond.

Telegraphing that he would be there as soon as possible, he packed his portmanteau, said good-bye to his friend, and found himself the next evening in his aunt's cosy little drawing-room.

Mrs. Crombie was a sweet old lady, one of that rare type of perfect old age that one comes across now and again. After a few days with her, Roger felt soothed and calmed.

The old lady saw clearly that something was preoccupying him, but refrained from pressing for any confidence. She had asked lovingly for Katie, and had said nothing when her nephew replied shortly that she was well, nor did she remark on two unusual facts; the one that Roger had come suddenly without his wife, the other that, being here alone, no daily letter or indeed any letter at all passed between the, at other times, inseparable husband and wife. She had learnt the wisdom of silence, so simply did what she could to make him comfortable, and waited.

Roger, in the long hours during which he walked over the Westmoreland hills, thought long and deeply of Katie, and a faint idea that perhaps the fault did not lie entirely on her side began dimly to strike him. Her look of unmistakable bewilderment and terror at his outburst told him clearly that she had been completely taken by surprise. Yet why had she not understood?

It was plain enough to him, why was it not plain to her? Yet how sweet and loving and dainty she was, his wee wife; how he longed to have her small hands clasped again around his neck, and feel her lips kissing him. How out of joint the world seemed, and how he wished that interminable fortnight would pass away!

Time passed on, as time ever does in its indifferent, inexorable manner, and brought Roger to the evening before his departure for home. Dinner was over, and a persistent rain precluded any idea of going out. He sat with his aunt, silent and preoccupied. The old lady glanced at him once or twice, but said nothing.

At last Roger took a sudden resolution, and, going over to her, threw himself on the rug by her side and said, "Auntie, I wonder if you can help me."

"Tell me what it is, laddie; perhaps I may be able," and the old lady put down her knitting and looked with calm loving eyes into Roger's sombre troubled ones.

The young man paused; he did not know how to begin; it was always difficult for him to explain himself, and now he was utterly at a loss.

"Is it about Katie?" asked his aunt, seeing his hesitation.

"Yes."

"You have quarrelled?"

"Quarrelled—no," answered Roger, raising his head proudly; "I do not quarrel with my wife, but I will be master; she wouldn't understand that I meant it, and so—I struck her," and he looked half defiantly, half pleadingly at Mrs. Crombie. The old lady started a moment, and a transient flush of shame and anger crossed her brow; but she was old and had learnt much, so she said only, "Tell me all about it, laddie."

He was so relieved at not hearing the expected outcry of brute, coward, etc., that words came more easily to him, and with the help of skilfully-put questions, Mrs. Crombie soon saw pretty clearly how matters stood between the young couple.

"You have tried a dangerous experiment," she said softly, when Roger had ended his story. "Please God all will yet be well, for she loves you and you love her. But, laddie, will you let an old woman, who so soon must cross the borderland to another world, give you a little advise? We who stand, as it were, between this world and the world to come, see things more clearly than you can who are in the thick of the fight. My life here is nearly over; for good or evil it is past; but if I can help you and wee Katie, I would so gladly do it. Will you let me speak?"

"Yes, auntie, do help me. I feel lost somehow, and don't seem to understand women now," and Roger sighed.

"Little wonder since we do not understand ourselves," replied the old lady, with a sad smile. "My laddie, it seems to me that you and Katie began your married lives as many young couples do, without the smallest knowledge of each other's characters. You both built up an ideal, and would see no other, until forced to do so. Your eyes were opened first, for, with all your lazy, calm manner, you are a man of deep feeling and strong will; but how could the child know that, since you never showed this side of your character to her? From babyhood she had been brought up to have her own way. I remember its being told of her as a child of three, sobbing out passionately, 'I want mine own way and daddy's way too,' and she always got it. So she took it as a matter of course that you too would give in to her whims and fancies, thinking doubtless, poor little loving fool, that she wound you around her little finger, and that you had no will but hers."

"That's just it," said Roger; "she would not understand that I am master."

"Did you ever tell her so seriously?"

"It didn't enter my head at first; it was so amusing to see a mite like that have any will at all that——"

"That in fact you encouraged her," said Mrs. Crombie. "It appeared to you doubtless something like a wren setting up its will against an eagle. But when you began to get annoyed at this unconscious—for it was unconscious—opposition to your wishes, why didn't you speak to her?"

"I did often, but she would only lau gh

and say, 'I'm not afraid of you, Big Bear,'" and Roger felt a lump rise in his throat, as the words brought blind, wilful little Katie before him.

"She will never say that again," remarked the old lady quietly. "But, laddie, the fault is not all hers. Judging from the little you tell me, I see that you kept all these thoughts to yourself, and went on your daily life as usual, storing up all your vexations in your mind against her, until, as must happen, the day came when the storm burst and caused that terrible scene. Poor wee Katie, how terrified she must have been!" murmured Mrs. Crombie more to herself than to her nephew.

"But why wouldn't she see I meant what I said?" cried Roger, while a pang of remorse ran through him.

"Because you never told her in a way she could see and understand what your wishes were. Think a moment, am I not right?" and the old lady fixed her piercing eyes on Roger.

"Perhaps not," he allowed; "but she ought to have known."

"How should she know? Put yourself in her place. All her life the child has had her own way. She marries and fancies that she will find you as governable as every one else, and you, according to your own showing, were amused at it, and didn't check her in the least. When your eyes were opened, it was too late; she simply could not believe but that everything she did was perfect in your sight; you tried now and then to warn her, but did not do it in the right way, and so your warnings had no effect. Then you shut yourself up in silence, stored up in your mind every little sin of wilfulness or disobedience, until the list is a formidable one. It was as though you allowed a child to play near a gunpowder-magazine with a lighted match, the explosion must come; and one day you suddenly appear to her as a merciless judge, terrify her with hard words, and, utterly pitiless, even strike her."

"I didn't hurt her very much; it was only a top whip I went out and bought for the purpose," said Roger, a dull red rising in his cheeks; adding sullenly: "I would do it all over again if needs be."

Mrs. Crombie was silent for a while; she was trying to suppress her heart's throb with indignation; a woman better understands a woman, and all her sympathies were with poor frightened bewildered Katie. Her nephew's remark, that it was only a toy whip he had gone out and bought for the purpose, gave her a glimpse of the unbending determination of his character that fairly startled her.

Any other man, if he did it at all, would certainly only have done so in a burst of sudden anger; but this calm, cold carrying out of his resolution had something terrible in it; as well try to move a rock of granite as to bend the iron will of the man before her.

The very intensity of his love for Katie had made him the more severe; he had done it, and, as he said, would do it again if needs be, which did not prevent him from suffering horribly himself; she saw that plainly, while his great ignorance of women pleaded to her somewhat in his excuse. So she sat still, struggling to be just—that most difficult thing to a woman; so few are thoroughly just; they let their hearts and impulses speak instead of their reason, which mistake has shipwrecked the happiness of many.

Looking into Roger's gloomy face, the old lady, with subtle instinct, changed her tactics. She saw he expected that she would take Katie's side against him, and was prepared to hear what she said in unmoved silence, and with a predetermination not to be affected in the least.

"Laddie," she said at last, placing her hand on Roger's head, "perhaps you are right in what you did. I am only a woman, my boy, and so was a little shocked at hearing you say you had struck Katie. You see, wife-beaters are not generally looked upon as a very noble race of men, and——"

"I shall never touch her again; I told her so," interrupted Roger; "and I shall keep my word."

"Of course," assented his aunt; "no one knowing you would doubt your word for a moment; only, sharing in the general opinion as I do, I confess I was rather startled at first. But you are an exceptional man, my dear Roger, and therefore I say again perhaps you were right, perilous as the experiment is; and, mind you, I do not exonerate your wife from blame; she should have had more sense, for she is by no means only a silly, pretty doll."

"No, indeed," cried Roger. "I am very proud of Katie's common-sense; she is often clearer-headed and wiser than two men put together."

"Quite so; all the more blame to her for so grossly misunderstanding your character. She should have been more dutiful, more obedient, should have studied your wishes more——"

"She always studied my wishes—always," cried the young man wrathfully, rising from his position and pacing up and down the room. "It was only she did not understand that I would be master; that when I said a thing I meant it; otherwise she is the sweetest little wife any one ever had."

A smile crossed the old lady's lips but she only said gently: "Come back here, laddie. Put your head on my knees—so. You say you didn't hurt her much. How do you know? She is a terrible little coward, wee Katie, and dreads pain."

Roger moved uneasily.

"Most women do," went on Mrs. Crombie. "But it was not only the bodily pain—for I don't suppose for a moment that you did hurt very much; you are not a brute, as you say it was but a toy whip," and again a slight smile passed over her mouth as she thought of the strong man's care that the instrument of punishment should be suited to the weakness of the culprit. "Think a moment, and please understand I am not pleading for Katie in the least; I am only trying to show you the state of the case from her side of view. Think of the suddenness of the thing to her. She had gone on in her foolish, imperious little way, thinking she was governing her big husband, utterly unconscious that he on his side was storing up every single opposition to his will, to pour out the whole of it one day upon her in cold and bitter justice. She was wrong, very wrong, but, Roger, I ask you as a man—a stern one, but I think a just one—are you perfectly without blame?"

There was silence again for some five minutes; then the young man raised his eyes, and they were wet with tears, to his aunt's face and said: "I see, auntie; I was blind too, and I have sinned too. Tell me, do you think it is too late? Will Katie hate me now?"

"If I know anything of woman's love—above all if I know anything of Katie—she will receive you back with love and tenderness. But, Roger, remember one thing, she can never be quite the same again: do not expect it or demand it: a woman never forgets. Do what you will, do what she will, she will always fear you now, always be a little bewildered, a little uncertain, never sure of you again. But bear it, for she loves you truly and you love her, and I trust God will give you many happy years together. Bear and forbear, laddie, is the motto married people should lay to heart. Don't expect too much from your little wife; she is but a weak loving girl, but she is true to you, true as death. She disappoints you sometimes, but think, do you never disappoint her? Men are so ignorant of women, they perhaps think we are not worth studying. At any rate, they never understand that every true, loving woman builds up an ideal of the man she loves, and clings to that ideal desperately even after the god of brass has plainly shown the feet of clay. There, laddie, I will lecture no more. Good-bye. I shall not see you to-morrow before you leave. Give my dear love to wee Katie, and may God protect you both."

Roger kissed the old lady reverently, and the next morning started for home.

There was no carriage to meet him when he got out at Althorpe station, two miles from the Towers, and though he did not expect it, he felt somehow chilled. Leaving his portmanteau to be sent up, he walked on full of thought as to how Katie would receive him. By the time he reached the gates he was really nervous for the first time in his life. He walked into the house, and gave a slight shiver as the thought crossed his mind that perhaps it would always be so in the future: no Katie would come flying out to meet him, and he knew that if that should be the case his life would indeed be desolate.

"How foolish I am," he muttered; "she could not know when I was coming back; she must be in Paradise; I will go there."

So he mounted the low broad staircase, on to a little room he had furnished for her with every luxurious trifle love could fancy, and which they had named Paradise. The door was open. Katie was lying on a low lounge, staring into vacancy; she had been hoping against hope that he would come, but she knew the train had been in some time. Roger's heart gave a great throb. She looked so slight, so frail, so fearfully ill, that a feeling of terror came over him. "Was she going to die?" Suddenly she turned her head on the pillow with a piteous heart-breaking cry: "Roro, Roro, come back to me, I cannot live."

"Katie, my wee wifie," said Roger softly.

With a stifled cry of exceeding joy she sprang to her feet, held her arms out to him with a touching look of appeal and love. He clasped her half fainting in his arms as he whispered, "Look up, wee wife, your Big Bear has come back to you. Let us forget the past, and, with God's help, begin afresh."

* * * * * * *

So they once more began their journey of life together over the waves of this troublesome world, with a better chance of being happy than most can boast of.

Roger had tried a desperate remedy, and for a time the result had hung in the balance; but love had won, as true, steadfast, faithful love always will win, even in this sad, misunderstanding, sorrow-worn world of ours. But the experiment is not one to be tried lightly, for not one man in nine hundred could have acted as Roger did, without being either a tyrant or a brute; and not one woman in a thousand as Katie did, without feeling insulted beyond bearing, and having every atom of love in her for the man who struck her killed for ever on the spot.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Legislative Assembly of Quebec has just adopted a piece of rather unusual legislation for the restriction of the use of tobacco among minors. The sale of tobacco is absolutely forbidden to persons under eighteen years of age, while boys under fifteen years found using it are to be punished by fine or imprisonment.

A cable despatch from Berlin tells "of a woman, living in Militsch, who apparently died, and preparations were made for her burial. Owing to the delay in getting a grave ready, the funeral was postponed. On the fourth day, shortly before the time set for the removal of the body to the cemetery, the woman arose in her coffin. She had been in a trance."

At an Italian wedding-breakfast the bride distributes to the wedding-guests sugar-plums in pretty cases instead of the bridecake. She makes the round of the tables, among the gentlemen, with these little cartons, while the groom offers them to the ladies. Just before her departure her bridal bouquet is distributed in sprays to all the unmarried ladies of the party.

By his marriage with the heiress of the Kobary family the Khedive has just received a magnificent present from his mother in the shape of a toilet service of gold, superbly chased and inclosed in a huge ebony chest. There are about thirty pieces, each of which bears a monogram of the Khedive in diamonds, of which stones more than 1200 have been used in adorning the service.

Professor Lombroso, the eminent Italian scientist, who holds such very strong adverse opinions as to the ability of women to feel pain as acutely as men do, has lately been pursuing his investigations in another direction, and he has now delivered himself of the unqualified opinion that women of the criminal and immoral type are invariably larger of hands and feet and smaller in the head than average women.

Among the people of Vienna there is a firm belief in the power of those early messengers of spring, sprigs of the willow. They are taken to church to be blessed, and are then placed over the beds of the children and over the images of saints in the living-room. The common people make their little ones swallow three of the small shoots to preserve them against danger of all kinds. The children are sometimes near suffocating during the experiment.

The Kentucky people believe in having a good time. At an old-fashioned dancing-party the other night, to which several women came with their babies, some young men changed the clothes of the infants while their parents were dancing, and mixed them up generally. On the following day there was great commotion—boy babies had unaccountably changed to girls, and, as the families lived miles apart, it took several days to restore the innocents to their respective mothers.

A correspondent offers the following interesting Chinese custom for publication: "When a Chinaman desires to marry, his parents intimate that fact to a professional 'matchmaker,' who thereupon runs through a list of her visiting acquaintances, and selects one whom she considers a fitting bride for the young man; and then she calls upon the young woman's parents, armed with the bridegroom's card, on which are inscribed his ancestral name and the eight symbols which denote the day of his birth. If the answer is an acceptance of his suit, the bride's card is sent in return, and should the oracles prophesy good concerning the union, the particulars of the engagement are written on two large cards, tied together with red cords."

A Chicago paper published recently details of important occurrences during the year 1893. Following is a brief summary: 'The losses by fire in the United States aggregated $138,356,910, showing a large increase as compared with the losses of 1892. Embezzlements, frauds and forgeries were reported in this country to the amount of $19,129,682, which was considerably more than twice the amount divulged in 1892. The total number of suicides reported was 4490, of whom 853 were women; of murders, 6615, and of legal executions 135.

"This year surpasses any one in history for railroad accidents," J. D. Layng, of the West Shore Railroad, is reported with having said. "From November, 1888, to November, 1893, 2318 persons have been killed on the railroads and 2000 persons have been maimed and crippled. These figures include those persons who have met with accidents on street railways, and there are over 200 of them in the United States, Brooklyn heading heading the list with 15 persons killed on the surface tracks alone. The greatest accidents in which this country was concerned were the loss of three or four transatlantic steamers."

Confusion of Ideas.—A Cumberland clergyman had often urged an old woman in his parish to go to church, and he so far prevailed on her that she attended one Sunday morning. However, by mischance, she got into a pew belonging to a regular attendant.

The verger went to her and beckoned her to come out. At the same instant the harmonium commenced playing, whereupon the old body, shaking her head at the verger, said—

"I's nea use asking me—you mun git somebody else, as ah can't dance."

Cause and Effect.—People who advertise do not often "give themselves away" in their advertisements. It must have been a very simple-minded man indeed who put up over his shop a notice to the effect that he was a "House-decorator, Plumber, and Undertaker.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

BAROMETER AND GOBLIN.

BY D. FAFNIR.

TWO little girls of eight were standing on the shore, looking out at Goblin Rock. Seen bare and grim at low water, at high tide it was covered by the waves; a sad enemy to ships when those on board did not know the coast. Far away there, down by a bend in the shore, were more dangerous rocks still; here was a lighthouse—but Goblin Rock appeared black and grim in the moonlight to-night.

"And the Goblin is at home;" the little girls cried, clapping their hands—the Goblin being a cloud of mist or spray, which shot up at times and seasons in the moonlight, taking a strange fantastic shape, which the fishermen said foretold a fine day on the morrow.

"Well, have you seen him, We-two?" cried a merry voice behind the maidens, and their two brothers, Fred and Harry, came up to them.

The girls were twins, and clung together like leeches their brothers said, and so they called them We-two.

"Yes, and that means a fine day to-morrow; so we can go for our sail."

"But mamma has had an invitation from Mrs. Harrison for you, for lawn-tennis, to-morrow afternoon, since you left. Can you manage a sail in the morning and a party in the afternoon?" asked Fred.

Of course they said yes, and amid much laughter went home.

"Then it's to be a sail at nine, home at one, if—but the old barometer doesn't seem to know its own mind to-night, it's very shifty," was Fred's "good-night" speech on the stairs.

And, to-morrow morning, he peeped in at the nursery door to say, "The old barometer is still in the same old mood, says nothing but change, which is nothing at all; so we'll believe your goblin, girls," and he and Harry were off to see after old John and his boat the "Pretty Bess."

"We'll put our rockets ready for the afternoon," said Maude; so down they put them in the room where was the barometer.

"Let's see for ourselves about the weather," and Blanche stood on tip-toe, to have a look at the truthful old face. "Yes, it's change."

"Tap it," said Maude.

So she did.

"Change—only change, the grumpy old thing; we'll believe the Goblin."

"Let's ask papa," suggested Maude.

"Nonsense, papa does not know better than a barometer"; so they on their hats and off they went.

"If we're careful, we needn't change these nice white frocks when we get back; that will save a little time," remarked Blanche, as they went along.

On the beach, the boys found the Pretty Bess, but no John.

"We've looked for him far and near, so were going to put off without him—we've done it before," said Fred.

"But not when we were with you," observed Blanche timidly.

"No; but having you with us won't turn the boat over, nor raise the wind; the sea is as smooth as a mill-pond, and there is no wind. So in with you." With that each boy took a girl and helped her in, round went the sail to the wind, and they were afloat.

"It's all right, you know," said Fred, to reassure the girls, and to try to hush conscience, which never will say wrong is right, black is white, and so, just to please people, and so is often troublesome.

How the children laughed, shouted, sang snatches of sea-songs; the boys taking off their hats in passing Goblin Rock, and giving a cheer of three times three, in honor of the old Goblin, which had told them such pleasant truth; and said that barometer at home wanted looking to, for an old fibber.

They landed on the green island, just for an hour, to search for queen shells, bits of sea-weed, and the like, and to eat some tarts which the boys had bought on their way to the shore.

An hour—and then they were afloat again; but what a trouble the boys had with the sail!—it was continually shifting and turning—either it or the wind.

At last "I'll pull the old thing down, and take to the oars, Harry," said Fred; "I'd no idea there was so much wind."

"And so many clouds," put in Maude.

"Ah! yes, they were being hurried over by the wind," laughed the boys uneasily.

Then presently the sun was hidden, and down came the tempest. The lads bent to their oars, the girls steered; but the hands of poor little We-two were not able to steer a boat in a storm, they were drifting, only drifting—yes, it soon came to that.

Better have waited for John, better have listened to the barometer at home, whispered conscience to the boys, and they could not even think a thought to contradict it. Why, where was the boat bearing them? On towards Goblin Rock, as in cruel humor.

"Look out, girls," cried Fred, clutching Blanche. Harry took Maude; the boat was overturned, they struggling for dear life in the water; then the waves, as if in pity, lifted them high, if not dry, on the Goblin Rock.

Like two dripping mermaids the two girls sat where the boys placed them, high on a ledge; they laughed sadly at their forlorn little selves, when thinking of their frocks they had said they would not change for the party.

That party seemed a very uncertain thing to them now. Fred looked at his watch—three o'clock—just the hour for assembling on Mrs. Harrison's pretty lawn.

"Cheer up; old John will miss his boat and guess where it is, and come out and rescue us—to be wrecked is better than lawn-tennis," were Fred's words; but he had a great silent fear he dared not speak—a fear that the incoming tide would wash the Goblin Rock this evening. Lightning, thunder, wind, and rain kept them company on the rock, and then came the tide rising.

"We must get out of this," said Fred to Harry—that was when they had landed the girls on the highest part of the rock and still the water came leaping up after them. The storm was abating, and the rain turning to a blinding mist. If the mist settled down, they were lost, for nobody would see they were there. The boat came tossing towards them, like a little deliverer. It must be the boat again or a watery grave, for the water was washing their feet on the rock. They clutched it, they turned it up, they hoped it was not leaky.

Oh! joy, they were in it, rocking in the arms of the great and mighty sea. Ah, well, they were careless, powerless, at the the mercy of the waves and the Pretty Bess, and the former were bearing them to the lighthouse rocks. Would the people there see them, come to their help, would——The boat had struck, each boy grasped a girl again, they were going down, under the shimmer of the newly kindled lighthouse light—they—the waves were having their way with them at last.

* * * * * *

When they awoke to consciousness, they were in the lighthouse, their father and old John bending over them. They and the boat had been missed, John and their father had put out to them, were in time to see the boat capsize and to save them.

"You see, 'twas putting faith in that false old Goblin did all the mischief," said Fred, when they were all sailing home in the moonlight, the two boys, the little girls wrapped in shawls and blankets, their father and old John, the waves sobbing as over their late rage, the wind whispering of better things to-morrow.

"No, no; Master Fred, 'twere a faultier matter than that; 'twere a taking my boat without leave, and all in hot haste too, because ye know the glass were too shifty for me to go along with you if you found me; ye knew 'twere true, and conscience couldn't turn ye. Stealing of marches on anybody, the most of all on oneself, is sure to end, at some time or other, badly; nothing like keeping to a straight line, lads": this is what John said.

"You're right, John," replied their father, "and I think the boys have learnt a lesson that they will not forget."

WHEN THE KAISER IS AT SEA.—It is said that the German Emperor, when on a pleasure trip in his yacht, lays aside the dignity of the war lord and goes in for having a good time with all the zest of a boy. He treats his associates as equals and takes a personal interest in all the members of his crew.

The other day, a visitor happened to overhear, he passed a sailor scrubbing the deck, and said to him—

"Well, my son" (his common form of address to members of the crew), "what are you doing there?"

The man replied that he was cleaning.

"How many hours' service did you have yesterday?" asked the Kaiser.

"From noon till four in the morning," replied the sailor.

"Well, my son, you had better go and lie down," said the Kaiser. "The decks will get dirty again, in any case."

On the way to Cowes not long back the yacht stopped off a wild spot of where there were many seagulls, and the Emperor and several friends rowed ashore. The Kaiser took off shoes, stockings, rolled up the imperial trousers, and paddled about in the water in apparent great delight. He skipped flat stones over the water until there was quite a panic among the hovering seagulls.

The Kaiser always tastes the food of the men at dinner, and if beans are served to them he always has a plate reserved for himself, as he is very fond of them. On Sundays he has Divine service with the crew, when he reads the Bible and prays with them, afterwards giving a short sermon from a book that he possesses for the purpose.

'ARRIET AND HER PECULIARITIES.

So much has of late been written, and sung, about that marvellous specimen of metropolitan humanity, the coster, that a word or two about his female congener, the London work-girl, cannot be out of place; and, indeed, it is due to 'Arriet, as a matter of justice, that the resplendent corduroys and flashing "pearlies" of 'Arry should not be allowed to eclipse entirely the ostrich-plumed hat and gorgeous gown of his "dona."

The genuine London work-girl coming from 'Arry's own quarters is a by no means uninteresting personage, and has many traits that are peculiarly her own. In the first place, luckily for her, she is possessed of everlasting good spirits. She has to work hard in the daytime, and means to enjoy herself when she is free; and if her fun is a bit boisterous, and her language not altogether of the drawing-room order—well, you can't blame 'Arriet for it.

In addition to the great love she has for feathers of alarming proportions and costumes of flaming hue, the work-girl dotes on mittens, and if at the week end, when the few shillings' wages are drawn, enough can be spared for the purchase of a pair adorned with elaborate colored-bead work, she feels she has not toiled in vain. The boots, too, which she sports on gala occasions must not be just plain "trotter cases"—no! To appeal effectively to her affections, they must be specimens of elaborately-decorated leatherwork; for as 'Arriet, unlike her more wealthy sisters, does not affect skirts of a length that allows them to draggle in the mud, her boots are always in evidence, and must, therefore, be things of beauty and joys as long as their cheap leather holds together.

The work-girl is an eminently gregarious creature; and, accustomed to working in company with dozens, perhaps hundreds, of her fellow-toilers, so out of doors she will usually be found enjoying herself in the streets, walking to business or returning home in droves. Usually, too, it will be found that if she is not chattering the work-girl is singing; her favorite lyrics being those of the "Absent but true" and "Kiss me, mother," type, changed at holiday times, or in moments of special hilarity, for the latest music-hall ditty of the "Hi! hi! clear the road" description.

'Arriet, too, has often a by no means indifferent voice, and frequently sings with an artlessness that one would not expect to find in such a quarter; which fact adds materially to the pathos of her rendering of some sympathetic ballad.

Perhaps she cannot lay claim to any great amount of facial beauty; but some compensation for this fact may be found in the declaration made by one of our foremost living painters, that the most perfectly-formed women he ever met with were work-girls from Poplar.

FENCING for young ladies is coming in vogue at Copenhagen, where several young ladies of good social standing have recently been receiving lessons in this graceful and health-giving pastime. It would seem that the members of the fair sex can hold their own against the men in fencing, and that they, in fact, frequently excel the latter in precision, swiftness and grace of movement. Nor can there be the slightest doubt that fencing affords an unusual amount of varied and healthy exercise at the same time.

LITTLE GIRL—"If I was a teacher I'd make everybody behave." Aunty—"How would you accomplish that?" Little Girl—"Real easy. When girls was bad I'd tell them they didn't look pretty; and when little boys was bad I'd make them sit with the girls, and when big boys was bad I wouldn't let them sit with the girls."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chinamen drink all their wines hot.

Monkeys are remarkably fond of oysters.

The Vatican is to be illuminated by electricity.

The smoke from an expiring candle is poisonous.

Fig trees and cedars are rarely struck by lightning.

Wax candles were first used in the twelfth century.

Tobacco is generally cultivated and used throughout Africa.

School-children in Victoria, Australia, are carried on the street-cars free.

It is said that the ape and the camel are the only quadrupeds which cannot swim.

It is computed that the mines of the world produce about 25 tons of gold every year.

The manufacture of cigarettes has increased, in 13 years, from 238,276,817 to 2,877,792,440.

The proposed hydrograph will enable ships to communicate with one another at long distances.

The Mohawk Indians will not allow so much as a blade of grass to grow upon the graves of their companions.

Leading newsdealers at Danville, Illinois, have entered into an agreement not to sell trashy wild-west novels.

Music halls are crowding out the Parisian theatres. The Eden Theatre has applied for a license to become a cafe chantant.

Including the latest division of Africa among the European Powers about four fifths of the land of the world is under Christian control.

In the early days of smoking rich people smoked silver pipes. The poorer classes made a walnut shell and straw answer their purpose.

Electric gondolas are announced for the Venetian lagoons and the Italian lakes. This means the banishment of the picturesque Italian gondolier.

The new tactics adopted for the army contemplate the giving of commands by whistles under certain circumstances instead of by word of mouth

The bicycle has brought about the re-opening of many of the old-time country hotels in France, which had closed long ago because of the introduction of railroads.

Thousands of men, women and children in the mountains of Spain and Portugal are busied in cutting cork. It is a domestic trade, and it occupies whole villages.

A pug dog that received injuries in a recent gasoline explosion at Spokane, Wash., remembers the occurrence so vividly that he will not venture within a square of the place.

The new Hungarian marriage law prescribes that betrothal shall give no right to compel the performance of a marriage, although it may justify a claim for compensation.

Electricity is gaining a strong foothold in Japan. Telephone exchanges have been started in several of the principal cities, and there is a project of constructing an electric railway in Tokio.

Rev. R. H. Rollins, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Catskill, N. Y., married one couple in the afternoon and another in the evening, and had his own marriage sandwiched in between them.

John Doe, a Turk, while visiting Central Park, New York, the other day, was arrested for disorderly conduct. He became boisterous, thinking the monkeys in the menagerie were making faces at him.

Both cane and beet-root sugar are refined either by mixture with lime water, or by boiling with animal charcoal, or by mixing with bullock's blood. The albumen of the blood serum coagulates on applying heat and rises to the top, bringing most of the impurities with it.

Dwarf trees, only two feet high, exact reproductions in miniature of sycamore, oak, cedar and apple trees, have for 200 or 300 years been raised by the Japanese. The mode of producing them is a well-guarded secret; but some French gardeners have, within the past five years, almost equalled the Japanese in the production of dwarf trees.

An old soldier, Jean Louis Leclerc by name, who served with Napoleon at Waterloo, was run over in Paris lately. After being discharged from the hospital his friends urged him to bring suit against the driver who was the cause of the accident. Leclerc, who claims to be a centenarian, said: "I hate going to law at my age, although I do not despair of living to be 120."

A curious taste prevails in many parts of the world for clay. According to Humboldt it is eaten in all the countries in the torrid zone, but the practice is also observed in the north, as hundreds of cartloads of earth containing infusoria are said to be annually consumed by the country people in remote parts of Sweden, and in Finland a kind of earth is occasionally mixed with bread.

DUTY.

BY WHITTIER.

To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
Whereto are given
The age of Heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key,
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

ELF-BOLTS.

There is something very fascinating in the legends of dwarfs and elves. For the most part we have to look in the pages of Grimm or Hans Christian Andersen when we want to peep into the fairy world; but every now and then, in out-of-the way places, we may find ourselves in curious proximity to those mysterious times.

For instance, the writer remembers, some fifteen years ago, when living on the Yorkshire moors, overhearing a dispute which was taking place in a public-house between two old men, one of whom was the parish sexton. While digging a grave, the sexton had turned out what he called a fairy pipe.

This well-known form of pipe, which is found dispersed all over the country, is so small that you cannot pass the tip of the little finger into the bowl. No doubt it was used when tobacco was scarce and expensive, and its diminutive size has caused it to be attributed to the elves and fairies who alone could make use of it.

The dispute, however, was not about the pipe. Both the old men agreed as to whom the pipe had belonged to; but they were endeavoring to settle what kind of "bacca" the fairies smoked. Various suggestions were made, and different herbs named, when I joined in the conversation, and turned it from pipes to elf-bolts or elf-shot, some of which I produced from my pocket; and from these old inhabitants I gathered that the flint arrow-heads or elf-shot were used by these same elfin folk who owned the tobacco pipes. The district where I lived was rich in these prehistoric articles, and they were picked up in quantities in the fields round about.

It is hardly surprising that the natives should regard these queer-looking arrow-heads as belonging to the fairy folk, when for hundreds of years their direct ancestors had inhabited that part of Yorkshire, into which education has made but little progress.

A place close by was called Dwarriden, which was remarkable for echoes; and when I submitted the name to the best authority on place-names, I was told that it meant "the abode of the dwarfs," as, in Scandinavian mythology, whenever you found an echo it was the voice of a dwarf answering you in reply.

Another curious survival in the same parish was this old tradition: Mothers used to threaten their children with a certain black raven, who would come if they were naughty and carry them off, just as once upon a time he had done, when he ravaged the country and destroyed everything.

The only interpretation of this awful threat I gathered from an old woman, who told me that in her young days it was firmly believed that some great calamity had once befallen the district. As the black raven was the Danish emblem, it is quite possible an incursion from that people gave rise to this story, which had survived all those long years.

Few people know what an amusing and instructive pursuit the search after flint weapons is. To begin with, it takes you out of the house for a walk very often when you would have stayed in. Spring and autumn are the best times for searching, and a ploughed field should be chosen that has been well rained upon, so that the flints are washed clear and can be easily detected. I am speaking only of a country in which the natural stone is not flint.

Where natural flints abound, you can only judge of the genuineness of the implement by the workings of the tool, which are always to be seen. In the ordinary districts away from the chalk, each surface flint will prove either a real implement or a flake struck off in its manufacture.

These remarks may be said to apply to those lucky spots were flints are found, and the idea may be that there are not many such about. I differ from this idea. So far as my own experience goes, I have found these elf-bolts wherever I have been; and if there is one bit of fairy romance left connected with them, it is in their being so universal that it gives the notion of some spirit-work in their distribution.

It may be said that human beings all develop similar characteristics, and it is quite reasonable to suppose the Egyptian and the British flint man would originate similar ideas. This may be possible; but I hardly think it accounts for the identity of flint forms. This is the most striking feature when a collection of British flints is put beside one gathered from all countries. There is little difference, again, in a very interesting class of implement, the saw, between the British flint saw and the Egyptian.

The delicacy of workmanship of many elf-bolts is remarkable. I have some on which thousands of blows with some implement must have been delivered before the sharp point and barbed wings were formed. When it is remembered that any blow might snap the brittle flint, it must have needed a master's hand to bring such elf-shot to perfection.

When H. M. S. Challenger was on her cruise, and arrived at Tierra del Fuego, the natives there, who are still in a Stone Age condition, were found to have utilized a broken soda-water bottle, from the fragments of which they made arrow-heads. I have one of these arrows, with its glass tip exquisitely made in the same pattern as those I found on the moors.

There are undoubtedly numbers of what I may call worked flints to be picked up in the fields, showing upon their face the marks of the tool, and yet it is impossible to assign them any definite name. The fact is we know little about the various uses to which flint was put. In many parts it must have been scarce. It is quite one hundred and more miles from the moors where I made a large collection to the nearest chalk district, and every atom of flint now found must have been carried there by hand.

Grains of Gold.

It never pays to find fault.

A mean man cannot be happy.

When we worry we do not trust.

Good thoughts are heard in heaven.

Guilt is the biggest coward on earth.

Hope is the half brother to happiness.

Cheek is often mistaken for courage.

The first glass has the most poison in it.

The unsuccessful man can always find some one to blame.

An hour lost will get behind you and chase you for ever.

The more we study, the more we discover our ignorance.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.

The best remedy for self-conceit is to be well introduced to yourself.

Charity is the salt of riches, without which they corrupt themselves.

Men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.

To enjoy reading is to transform wearisome hours into delightful ones.

There is something wrong with people who never can see any good in other folks.

It is when a man rises above his circumstances and moods that true manhood shows itself.

Femininities.

If we could only know how much people have suffered, how easy it would be to love them.

Records in Boston show that 57 girls under 17 years of age were married in that city last year.

"Ah, there's no happiness like domestic happiness!" "I know there isn't; that is the reason I am never going to marry."

A New York police justice rules that a police officer has no right to look at a woman in such a way as to attract her attention.

He: "This pudding is something fearful; it tastes absolutely horrible." She: "It is impossible, for the cookery-book says it tastes delicious."

"She may have a temper, but she is interesting. Did she ever get over the death of her first husband?" "Yes; but her second husband is inconsolable."

Probably one of the lightest married couples in the country are Mr. and Mrs. William Hill, of Elk Park, N. C., whose combined weight is but 159 pounds.

It is feared that Princess Maud of Wales will ultimately lose her hearing. Her mother, the Princess of Wales, is almost totally deaf, and the trouble is hereditary.

She was little known beyond her home; but there she silently shed around her that soft, pure light, the preciousness of which is never fully understood till it is quenched.

First friend: "I see Jack and Molly have made it up again. Why was the engagement broken off?" Second friend: "They had a quarrel as to which loved the other the most."

Marie Jamet, the poor peasant girl who founded the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor, died recently in Brittany at the age of 74. The Order has now 253 houses, sheltering 4000 Sisters.

Mrs. Daniel Lamont has a music box concealed in a chair in her drawing-room, which is so arranged that when any one sits on the chair a flood of melody fills the room and surprises the visitor.

Miss N. E. Bronston, of Atchison, Kansas, who learned printing when 12 years old, in her father's office in Newport, Ky., more than 40 years ago, has since set type in many offices, particularly in Kansas.

A new industry for women has lately come into public notice. They go from house to house among the wealthy classes supplied with spirits of ammonia and other detergents and solicit employment to remove stains from costly garments.

At the ball. "Where is Ella?" "She left the ball-room a few minutes ago, saying that she didn't fancy being squeezed in the crowd." "Was Charley with her?" "Yes, and I think that by this time he has found a place where there is no crowd."

A merchant at Nagoya, China, has earned the title of King Henry VIII among his countrymen by recently marrying his 27th wife. He had resolved when he was young to marry 30 women, and is delighted that he has now only three more to marry to keep his vow.

Women are giving up the semi-barbarous fashion of having their finger-nails polished until they resemble glass beads. It was never chic. The nails should be manicured regularly and kept in good order, and sometimes it is well, in case of brittleness, to use ointment or salve.

A window without a shade is only half dressed. Draperies may be dispensed with—they are decorative, but shades are essential. They temper the light for the room as the lashes do for the eye. They dress the window and at the same time form a background for the laces and stuffs of the drapery.

While it is not uncommon in some counties in England for young girls to act as pall-bearers, such an occurrence in this country is worthy of notice. At the funeral of Mrs. James McGiven, which took place in Tacoma, Washington, recently, six young women, each wearing a white chrysanthemum, were the pall-bearers.

First artist: "I received a magnificent tribute to my skill the other day at the Exhibition."

Second artist: "What was it?"

First artist: "You know my picture, 'A Storm at Sea?' Well, a man and his wife were looking at it and I heard the man say, 'Come on, my dear; that picture makes me sick.'"

The Empress of Japan—being that sweetest of all creatures, a womanly woman—has upon many occasions openly evinced her interest in the wee ones of Japan, giving freely to all institutions that exist to benefit them in any way, even practicing all sorts of touching little economies that she may be able to swell her contributions to certain charities that most interest her.

Dr. Berillon, the distinguished French physician, says, after careful examination, that biting the nails is an unfailing mark of incipient nervous degeneration. He believes it to be hereditary, but not catching. From statistics gathered by him among school children it is shown that almost one-third are nail biters, and that it is greatly more noticeable among girls than boys.

Masculinities.

Irresolute people let their soup get cold between the plate and the mouth.

Sweden intends to pension working men who have reached 60 years of age.

Emperor William can use only one arm in handling a gun, but he shot 385 rabbits in two hours recently.

A Boston business man displays a sign on his office door which reads: Office hours 12 to 1 every other Tuesday.

In his recent journey to Italy the German Emperor's personal expenses and other disbursements aggregated about $200,000.

A.: "It is when a man is in trouble that he knows the value of a wife." B.: "Yes; he can put all his property in her name."

When is a man least likely to pursue a straight course?—When he forsakes the line of duty to follow the bent of his own fancy.

When you hear a woman declare that she married the best man that ever lived, it is pretty safe to assume that she is a widow.

The man who says it's vulgar to wear diamonds is usually the man who couldn't buy one if they were selling at 10 cents a wagon load.

Mrs. Goodwin, of Augusta, Georgia, is now living with her sixth husband. Her first marriage took place before she was 15 years of age.

Experimental philosophy—asking a young lady to marry you; natural philosophy—saying you were only joking when she refuses you.

Glass beads pass as money in parts of Africa. Among the Masai, five blue beads will buy a woman, but ten of them are necessary to buy a cow.

Because she did not get any Christmas presents, Mrs. William Thompson, of St. Joseph, Missouri, attempted death by suicide on Christmas night.

After Miss Mary Clancey had been acquitted of forgery by a Memphis, Tenn., jury the other day, she caused a sensation by publicly hugging the entire jury.

Tertullian, who wrote about A. D. 195, says that kissing was first instituted for the purpose of discovering whether the person kissed had been guilty of tippling.

Why are buttons on men's clothing on the right-hand side, and on women's clothing on the left-hand side? This is curious, but true. It would be interesting to know the reason.

Lady, to African traveler: "Is it true that in Africa women possess certain privileges?" Traveler: "Quite true. For instance, after a battle the victors always eat the women first."

The new Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is tattooed much in the same way as his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexis; while his nephew, the Duke of York, has a couple of crossed flags upon his forearm.

Two footpads at North Darlington, N. C., a few days ago waylaid and tried to hold up a colored preacher. The parson pounded them both into insensibility, left them in the road, and went back and notified the police.

P.: "Yes, sir, that man is a hypocrite, if there ever was one. While professing the warmest friendship for me, he was for a whole year stabbing me in the back, and I never knew it!" Q.: "Goodness! What kind of a back have you?"

Mrs. Spryte: "You needn't have told me you were a bachelor."

Mr. Single: "How did you know it?"

Mrs. Spryte: "You stick your legs out under the dinner table. Not used to having them kicked to remind you not to talk."

Mrs. Shaw's visit to London seems to have brought on whistling as a fad, for a ladies' journal announces that a ladies' whistling club is to be formed there, under competent teachers, who will instruct the members in the higher branches of the art.

While a barber in Chicago was applying hair tonic on a customer the other day the latter attempted to light a cigar and ignited the alcoholic fumes. A flash followed, and when the debris was cleared away the victim was minus his hair and beard and the barber had lost his moustache.

According to the French papers the young Crown Prince of Germany is in the habit of using as a target for his pistol practice an image of a French infantryman, and it is said he recently asked his father if he would not be permitted after his promotion to a lieutenancy to fire at a Russian officer.

Mother: "Why didn't you come home to dinner?"

Small boy: "I had my dinner, ma. I took dinner with Willie Minks."

"Did Mrs. Minks invite you?"

"Yes, ma. I smelled apple dumplings cooking, and I told her I liked apple dumplings awful."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes'm. Then she said maybe if I went home I'd find you had apple dumplings for dinner, too."

"Humph!"

"Yes'm. But I told her yours was always so heavy pa wouldn't let me eat any, and then she invited me to sit down."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The London Queen this year gives us cuts and descriptions of some uncommon dresses for fancy balls. They are not only very charming, but entirely new. Piquante gowns are always the first consideration for young girls.

The character of Aline is charming. With her white silk stockings, black pointed shoes embroidered in silver, a short cerise satin petticoat, with four bouillonnes of the softest white muslin, a white muslin apron with a full lace frill round, and two waved bands of muslin applique carried across the end. The black velvet bodice has loops of broad black velvet, which fall from the side seams toward the back, as low as the first bouillonne; at the top is a pleated frill of lace. Seen from the front, the bodice appears to be all cerise satin with a black velvet band at the waist, secured on the right side by a diamond buckle; another band above it. The single puff to the sleeve is made of muslin; the large velvet hat is surmounted by a pink satin rosette and long ends. The hair is frizzled on each side of the face, and a charming cap worn under it, the soft lace forming a Marie Stuart point on the forehead, and is carried under the chin. This is more becoming than most young people would think, especially when supplemented by the black velvet ribbon drawn through a jeweled ring round the throat.

Dark beauties affect something Oriental, and for them there is the character of Iseult. The dress consists of a bright, vivid red satin short skirt, sewn to a low bodice made plain, with a band of gold embroidery across the top and passing under the arm. The skirt opens in front to show a pointed piece of white satin, bordered with gold embroidery, gold cord ends falling in the centre. The full sleeves to the wrist are formed of horizontal bands of gold set on light blue chiffon, and sewn into a jeweled band at the wrist, while round the shoulder there is an epaulette of gold-embroidered battlements. Beneath the large hat the head is encircled with two jeweled bands placed over plainly-dressed hair. Two ostrich plumes start from a jeweled ornament placed just above the face. The coloring in diamond buckles.

Of another order is the character of Lucette. It could be rendered in white satin with seven rouleaux at the hem, a square frilled muslin apron, with similar rouleaux heading the frill and bordering the side pockets. The short corselet bodice is of white satin, the seams, and the points outlined with white lace, a double scallop of muslin and lace on the bust, and a muslin fichu tucked under the bodice. The hat is of white felt, with bouquets of roses inside the upturned brim in front placed below the crown, at the back, with a similar bouquet at the side of the bodice. In carrying this costume out it would be necessary to have long, ruffled, buttonless, white kid gloves, with a band of black velvet and a diamond buckle above the elbow keeping them in place.

With poudre costumes generally the smallest sized fan ought to be used, and hoops are in favor. The skirt has pretty brocaded stripes, with flowers at intervals, and the velvet bodice, with its long basque at the back, is trimmed with chevrons of jeweled gold galon up the front. The shaped capes on the shoulders are of white satin, worked in gold, the close-fitting sleeves to the wrist being also trimmed with braid and tinsel embroidery. It is filled in to the throat with a kilt-pleated habit skirt, having a ruffle of lace down the front set into a band of black velvet, secured by an old-fashioned buckle. The light cream colored felt hat is of the brigand shape, with a band of pink ribbon round the crown, and an up-standing pink ostrich feather at the side. This is a useful suggestion for those who do not wish to appear in quite a low gown.

Another is a dress suitable for a matron, which presents some novel points. The skirt is of light heliotrope velvet, bordered with a deep flounce of sable; an old-fashioned watch hangs at the side, and a white lace bertha is tied at the centre of the bust. The powdered hair is surmounted by a large cap, made of a charming mixture of heliotrope velvet, with lace which falls in pleats at the back. A somewhat curious effect is produced by loose strings of black chiffon, knotted on the front of the bodice. In middle age this might be becoming; but it is easily dispensed with, without in any way interfering with the rest of the dress. The neck is encircled by a band of black velvet, held in place by a gilt heart. Mittens remove any difficulty as to gloves.

The new basket-plaited Eulalie coiffure is worn with a high Spanish comb set with Irish brilliants. Often this comb is set in sideways coquettish fashion. To some wothis is becoming, but to others it is little short of ridiculous.

After the unsuccessful attempt to harmoniously blend all the colors of a gorgeous parrot in one gown, it is a relief to find that the stylish combinations of black and white or black and cream are popular again.

New basque bodices are pointed as a rule. They have an umbrella back or are slashed in tabs each of equal length on some form, others graduated and made several inches shorter on the sides.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Broiling Steak.—A steak or a brace of chops must be well trimmed. Some fat is always left on the beef-steak unless it is a tenderloin; but the chops should be trimmed quite free from all suspicion of tallow. They should be laid on the gridiron, held close to the blazing coals, first on one side and then on the other, to sear over the surface. Then they should be raised from the fire about three or four inches. They must be turned every two minutes. When a steak an inch and a half thick has cooked twelve minutes, it will usually be ready to serve. Every time a drop of fat falls into the fire the steak must be lifted up to allow the blaze to pass off. If the dampers are all turned on, as they should be in broiling, this will take but an instant. Beefsteak and mutton chops are always improved by rubbing them with a little sweet oil, seasoning them with salt and pepper and dusting them with flour before they are put on.

Save Your Sugar.—All housekeepers should know that sugar boiled with an acid, if it be but three minutes, will be converted into glucose, which is the form of sugar found in sweet apples. One pound of sugar has as much sweetening power as two and a quarter pounds of glucose. In other words, one pound of sugar stirred into the fruit after it is cooked, and while yet warm, will make the fruit as sweet as two and a quarter pounds added while the fruit is boiling.

To make Shell Frames.—The part of the frame that is to be ornamented with shells must be covered thickly with fresh putty; press the shell down into the putty nearly or quite to the top edge of the shell; form flowers or any fancy design; then carefully cut away any of the superfluous putty that remains, using a sharp pen-knife; if any should unavoidably show, it can be colored pink or white; let the frame remain in a flat position until the putty hardens.

To Restore the Pile of Velvet.—Stretch the velvet out tightly, and remove all dust from the surface with a clean brush; afterward, well clean it with a piece of black flannel, slightly moistened with Florence oil. Then lay a wet cloth over a hot iron, and place it under the velvet, allowing the steam to pass through it, at the same time brushing the pile of the velvet till restored as required. Should any fluff remain on the surface of the velvet, remove it by brushing with a handful of crape.

To Clean Gilt Jewelry.—Take half a pint of boiling water, or a little less, and put it in a clean oil flask. To this add one ounce of cyanide of potassium; shake the flask and the cyanide will dissolve. When the liquid is cold, add half a fluid ounce of liquor ammonia, and one fluid ounce of rectified alcohol. Shake the mixture together, and it will be ready for use. All kinds of discolored gilt articles may be rendered bright by brushing them with the above-mentioned liquid.

Paste for Cleaning Knives.—Make a mixture one part emery and three parts crocus martis, in very fine powder. Mix them to a thick paste with a little lard or sweet oil. Have your knife-board covered with a thick buff leather. Spread this paste on your leather to about the thickness of a quarter of a dollar. Rub your knives in it, and it will make them much sharper and brighter, and will wear them out less than the common method of cleaning them with brickdust on a bare board.

When a live lobster is required for boiling or other purposes, here is a simple and comparatively painless mode of killing it: Run a long, narrow-bladed knife into the tail at the third joint from the end, having a slant downward. This will cut the spinal cord, and death will quickly follow.

Celery can be kept for a week or longer by first rolling it up in brown paper. Then pin it in a towel and keep it in a dark, cool place. Before preparing it for the table place it in a pan of cold water and let it remain for an hour. This will make it crisp and cool.

In preparing frogs for the table use only the hind quarters. Wash in warm water, then soak in vinegar and salt for an hour. Scald them and remove the skin, wipe dry and fry in butter.

When there is not time to ice a cake remember that its appearance may be greatly improved by dredging the top with a little powdered sugar.

To drive a cough from the system use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It never fails.

EXCURSIONS TO THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

The Royal Blue Line has arranged a series of personally conducted three day tours from New York, Newark, Elizabeth, Trenton and Philadelphia to Washington, under the supervision of Thos. Cook & Son, the famous Tourist Agents. The dates selected are January 25, February 15, March 8, 29, April 19, 26, and May 10 and 17. The rate from New York, Newark and Elizabeth will be $13.00, from Trenton $12 25, and from Philadelphia $11.00, which will include transfers between depot and hotel and first-class hotel accommodations at Washington. The train will leave New York on above dates from station, foot of Liberty Street, 9 00 A. M., leaves Newark, C. R. R. of N. J., 8 55 A. M., Elizabeth, Royal Blue Line, 9 31 A. M., Trenton, P. & R., 10.20 A. M., Philadelphia, 12th & Market Streets, 11.26 A. M., and 24th & Chestnut Streets, 11.42 A. M., and will arrive at Washington 3 00 P. M.

The tickets will be valid for the return journey on any Royal Blue Line train within three days, including day of sale, thus affording tourists an opportunity to visit the public buildings and places of interest in and about the Capitol.

For more detailed information call on or write Thomas Cook & Son, 261, 1225 Broadway, New York, or 828 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WONDERS NEVER CEASE.—Conjectures are often as stupid as they are improbable, and it is most amusing sometimes to observe the ridiculous suppositions one is apt to make heedlessly, thus rendering oneself absurdly silly. How often we remain unconscious of our stupidity, until a sudden revelation warns us to be more humble in future.

The writer heard a man relating some apparently wonderful adventure to his companions, who seemed very much struck with his narrative. All that one could understand was that the man had found a rabbit's hole, and that after long hesitating what he should do he had thrust his arm into it.

"And what do you think I found?" said he.

One suggested a coin, another a man's skull, and so on; but no one could guess the right thing.

"Give it up then?"

"Why, yes, we give it up."

"Well—a rabbit."

THE IMMENSE RUBBER FORESTS with which Peru abounds are susceptible of improvement by a proper cultivation—farming—of the tree and by careful and improved methods of securing the sap. In the latter matter great waste could be prevented. The rubber tree comes into bearing, so to speak, in about seven years after planting, and with proper care the tree is good for 50 years of production.

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and has done more good than any known remedy.

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Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

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Be sure to ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Recent Book Issues.

The January issue of "The St. Nicholas" is certainly brilliant enough in reading and pictures to entitle it to be termed an extra Christmas number. In the more than twenty-five contributions in this number, with their wealth of pictorial illustration, and the special pictures, there is variety enough of the very best character to thoroughly satisfy the most exacting boys and girls. Published at New York.

"The Century" for January opens with the second paper on the Old Dutch Masters, by Mr. Cole, the engraver, the subject being Frans Hals. A profusely illustrated paper of notable interest is contributed by Prof. Morris Jastrow, Jr., on "The Bible and the Assyrian Monuments." A notable paper by James Russell Lowell is given on "The Function of the Poets." A paper that will attract much attention is contributed by ex-Senator Dawes, giving the inside history of "The Garfield-Conkling Controversy." An addition to the group of articles on "Notable Women" is a paper on George Sand, by her friend and protegee, Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc). The editorial department is by no means the least interesting feature of this number. The Century Co., New York.

RING LORE.—As a ring motto, "Mizpah"—"The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another"—is certainly hackneyed; but it is difficult to find a single word that will express so exactly the sentiment for inscription on a betrothal-ring. The custom of inscribing a motto or posy on rings grew up in the sixteenth century. Shakspere refers to the custom in the Merchant of Venice, when he makes Gratiano, when asked by Portia the reason of his quarrel, answer—

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife—"Love me, and leave me not."

And again Hamlet says—

Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

One of the simplest forms of this class of ring in use in the early part of the seventeenth century was a plain gold ring with the inscription inside, "Let love increase." You have heard, we suppose, of the brutally whimsical inscription of a well-known Bishop of Lincoln, who married his fourth wife in 1753, and gave her a wedding-ring inscribed—

If I survive,
I'll make it five.

Here are three mottoes chosen by the daughters of an Earl of Warwick for their wedding-rings — "Till death depart;" "Never new"; "Till my life's end." Henry VIII. gave Anne of Cleves a betrothal-ring with the comically appropriate posy, "God send me well to keep." Here are some simple mottoes from seventeenth and eighteenth century rings—"I am yours"; "Let reason rule"; "Live in love"; "You and I will lovers die"; "Let liking last"; "Keep faith till death";

Let us be one
Till we are none.

But most of these are too long for inscription on an ordinary ring. Tibi soli—"Thine alone"—is better. Amor vincit—"Love conquers"—is common; but a simpler scroll is "Love for love." The Prince of Wales on his marriage gave the Princess as a keeper a ring set with different kinds of stones, the initials of which spelt his name—"Bertie." The stones were beryl, emerald, ruby, topaz, jacinth, and emerald. Such name-rings are common in France now, and we have seen several in this country.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, and his faculties grow dull, and his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks in the slough of despair. And if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is an invaluable trait of character, and should be assiduously cultivated.

SAVED BY AN EGG.

When Robert Surcouf, the famous French corsair, was in the Malay archipelago, he went one day, with two or three of his officers, to dine with a friend on an island at some distance from where his ship lay at anchor.

After dinner his servants returned first to the ship, his friend having offered to send Surcouf back in one of the island boats, a pirogue. "The king of corsairs" and his officers would have had good reason to dread a trip in a pirogue had they recalled a tragic occurrence which they had witnessed a few days before.

A pirogue manned by several of Surcouf's own sailors was returning to the ship, when one of the enormous sharks which frequent those waters attacked and upset the frail craft and threw its occupants into the sea. Three of the sailors were drowned or became victims of the monster before help could reach them.

Just as Surcouf's pirogue came in sight of the ship a huge shark appeared, and came so near that one of the rowers struck him a heavy blow with an oar. "What a good shot he would be! What a misfortune that I have not my gun!" exclaimed Surcouf, whose gun and knife had gone back to the ship in the other boat in charge of one of his servants. The absence of weapons was indeed a misfortune, as was very soon apparent.

The shark swam near the boat, and, with a sudden movement, nearly overturned it. The rowers hastened. He followed, his cruel jaws open, the probability of his destroying the boat and sending to bottom the persons in it becoming every moment greater.

The negroes stopped rowing and attacked him with the oars. With his tail he struck the boat a blow that nearly capsized it; and its occupants, with the exception of Surcouf, were now almost paralyzed with fear. It seemed as if there would be but one end to the struggle. Already the shark's teeth had shattered the rudder. For an instant his open mouth was extended toward the boat.

Surcouf seized an egg from a lunch-basket, and, taking aim, threw it so that it broke in the monster's throat. He closed his jaws, seemed to taste the dainty mouthful appreciatively, stopped swimming, and presently disappeared.

The rowers did not wait to see whether his attention was distracted temporarily or permanently, but pulled vigorously until they reached the ship. Surcouf and his friends decided to eat an occasional omelette in memory of that shark, whose taste for eggs was happily keener than his taste for human flesh.

THE PROPER HOURS OF SLEEP.—The necessity of devoting to sleep several hours in each day is too obvious, says the Lancet, to admit of serious question. We have all met with persons who do half or more of their daily work after nightfall, and sleep long after earlier-rising men are awake and busy.

Some of these are wont to extol the comfort of their morning slumber. They describe as immense the refreshment they receive from six or seven hours agreeably spent; and no wonder, for the sense of present satisfaction must be very marked, and that for definite reasons.

Man, in common with most of the animal creation, has accepted the plain suggestion of Nature that the approach of night should imply a cessation of effort. If he ignores this principle, his work is done against inherited habit and, so far, with additional fatigue. It follows too from our ordinary social conditions that he must use artificial light and sustain its combustion at the cost of his own atmosphere. Naturally therefore, when he does rest, his relief is in proportion to his weariness.

As in many other cases however, sensation is not here the most trustworthy guide to judicious practice. Established custom affords a far truer indication of the method most compatible with healthy existence. The case of the over-worked and the invalid lends but a deceptive color to the argument of the daylight sleeper. In them excessive waste of tissue must be made good, and sleep, always too scanty, is at any time useful for this purpose.

For the healthy majority however the old custom of early rest and early walking is certain to prove in future, as returns of longevity and common experience alike show that it has proved in the past, most conducive to healthy and active life.

It is not necessary to call a doctor for a cut or bruise; get Salvation Oil. Only 25 cts.

A GRECIAN LEGEND.—When Bacchus was a boy, he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia; and, as the way was very long, he grew tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest.

As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia.

He took it up and carried it away with him; but, as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy.

He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton with the plant in it into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise.

Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion; so he put it into the ass' bone, and thus he made his way to Naxia.

When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and the lion's bone and the ass' bone; and, as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily, and bore, to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink. But behold a miracle! When men first drank of it, they sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but, when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.

SOLICITED A TRIAL.—When the Edinburgh militia were called together some time ago at Dalkeith, their colonel—the Duke of Buccleuch—inspected the ranks man by man. Whilst so engaged, his attention was particularly directed to a raw recruit, well known in certain parts of the Scottish capital, who had apparently relinquished the calling of "Coal!" to carry a rifle.

"I'm very much afraid you won't do," said his grace to the man; "I cannot imagine how they passed you."

"What for?" asked the would-be Son of Mars.

"Why, because as I can see, you have quite lost your front teeth, and you will not be able to bite the cartridge."

"Will I no?" queried the quondam coalman, who was unaware that he was addressing the duke. "Just put yer finger in my mouth, sir, an' ye'll sune ken whether I can bite or no."

It is hardly necessary to say that his grace did not put the proposed test to the proof.

HANGING SPONGE.—A hanging garden of sponge is one of the prettiest novelties. Take a white sponge of large size and sow it full of rice, hemp, canary, grass, and other seeds, then place it in a shallow dish, in which a little water is constantly kept, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture the seeds will begin to sprout before many days. When this has fairly taken place, by means of cords the sponge may be suspended in the window where a little sun will enter. It will thus become a mass of green foliage, and should be refreshed with water daily so as to be kept moist.

A FRENCH decision has put at rest a point which possibly is verbally argued every day, viz, has a passenger legally appropriated a seat in a railway carriage by placing a big bag or portmanteau on it? It is so common, and yet so convenient, but the mean-spirited people who do remove such signs of appropriation will learn, in France at least, that it is illegal of them to do so, and that by such a placing of luggage on the seat a passenger who has paid his fare has, in fact, secured that seat. The first verdict was to the contrary, but the later one is in favor of the first comer.

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

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Humorous.

ODE TO A FLAT-IRON.

Honest old iron, all black as thy face is,
Faithful and warm is the core of thy heart;
What would become of my ruffles and laces,
But for the beauty thy touches impart?

What would become of me, cold winter nights,
Tucked up alone under blankets and clothes,
But for thy heat and its glowing delights,
Soothingly sent to my ten little toes?

Rarely a service so warmly impresses;
Seldom with merit so solid I meet;
Smoothing in summer my flounces and dresses,
Warming in winter the soles of my feet.

—U. N. Nonz.

Watered silk—An umbrella.

Thieving in the outskirts—Picking ladies' pockets.

It doesn't take eight quarts to make a peck of trouble.

Why must logic have legs?—Because it stands to reason.

The meter gives no indication of the amount of gas in a poem.

Sailors should make good pugilists. They are used to hard blows.

How to make money go as far as possible—Give it to foreign missions.

Promises are easily broken, but then it is the easiest thing in the world to make new ones.

When a fellow is at death's door he is anxious to be pulled through, but he wants to know which way.

Books must certainly take exercise, for one frequently hears of a popular novel having quite a run.

Little son: "Mamma, what is an animal?" Mamma: "Oh, anything that goes on legs." L. S.: "Stockings!"

A Manayunk policeman arrested a man on a bicycle the other day because he thought he looked crooked.

"Biscuit shooter" is the decidedly euphonious name given to the girl in the Wild and Woolly West who works in railroad restaurants.

He, wildly: "May I fall prostrate to the ground and weep at your feet?"

She, practically: "Yes—if you will wait till I've put on my goloshes."

He: "Well, how do you like the engagement ring I sent you?"

She: "It's beautiful, Jack!"

He: "I knew you'd like it. All the other girls did."

He: "How many men have you kissed in the three months I have been away?"

She: "You misjudge me entirely, sir. Do you suppose I am such a cold blooded, calculating creature as to have kept count?"

Mollie, patronizingly: "I had such a splendid time at the dance last night. Mr. Hyfly took me, you know."

Etta, sweetly: "You enjoyed it? How glad I am, dearie, that I refused to go with him."

He: "I say, what would you do if a fellow said he would take a kiss without your permission?"

She: "I should refuse it, of course."

He: "What, the kiss?"

She: "Oh, no—the permission."

Teacher: "'For men must work and women must weep.' What is the meaning of that line, Tommy Figg?"

Tommy: "It means that men has to work to git money, and then the women has to cry before the men will divide with 'em."

Jameson: "Are you going to refurnish your house?"

Fitz: "No."

Jameson: "Well, I saw your wife in a furniture store the other day pricing different articles."

Fitz: "Yes. She did that so as to find out what Brown's new furniture cost."

An incident which has occurred in the experience of a preceptor will doubtless recur repeatedly in that of other preceptors. According to a book, "In the year 1847 48 potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry." A schoolboy read the passage as follows: "In the year 1847, 48 potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry."

Johnnie Chaffie: "I know who's coming to-night."

Miss Chaffie: "Who?"

"Why, Jim."

"How do you know?"

"I saw you take his photograph out of the album and put it on the mantelpiece, and you put Fred's out of sight until Saturday evening."

A woman's heart, even when most obdurate, may relent. Margaret was asserting in the nursery that she never, never meant to marry.

"Very well, you shall not," said her papa; and going to the door he called out to an imaginary suitor, "Go away, man; Margaret doesn't want you!"

"Call him back!" cried Margaret. "Let me see what he looks like!"

An Important Omission.—Mrs. Smith had never been satisfied with the arrangement of her old house; so, when her husband proposed to build a new one, she said she would like to draw the plans, as then she would be sure that she would have enough cupboards and other conveniences. Mr. Smith said, "Certainly, my dear! You draw the plans, and then you can have Jones the architect look them over and see that they are practicable." "Of course they'll be practicable, and it will be only a matter of form for Mr. Jones to pass approval on them," said his wife confidently. The plans were made and remade, altered and realtered, until at last they gave Mrs. Smith perfect satisfaction. There were enormous cupboards at every turn and wherever there was a chance for one, and, with a sigh of relief, she started for Mr. Jones' office. When she displayed the plan of the first floor, she was much gratified at the architect's evident approval, for, although he seemed on the point of asking some question once or twice, he did not do so; and in triumph she spread out the plan of the second floor. "What do you think of that?" she asked, in the tone of one assured of a pleasant answer. "Charming, my dear madam, charming," said the suave Mr. Jones; "but—ah—how do you propose to reach the second floor, may I ask?" "Oh," said Mrs. Smith, with a horrified gasp, "I forgot all about that; there's no place for any stairs!"

Explained the Mystery.—One dark, foggy night there was a knock at the door of a physician's house in Z——.

"Who's there?" asked the doctor.

"Oh! doctor, make haste, my wife is dangerously ill!" and at the same time the visitor communicated his address.

The doctor uttered a suppressed growl of impatience, for he was summoned to a village about eight miles off. He ordered out his carriage, and the two drove on through the damp, cold night.

Just before they reached the village, the husband of the sick woman alighted on some pretext or other, but did not return, and after driving into the village, the physician found nobody who needed his assistance.

A week later he received a note, without signature, which explained the mystery.

The note ran as follows:—

"Dear Doctor.—I am exceedingly obliged to you for giving me a lift in your carriage, for I found it impossible to procure another conveyance, and it was a dreadful night. I hope you will forgive me this once!"

Attempts to unearth the practical joker failed, and the doctor had to make the best of a bad job.

To Keep Husbands at Home.—A prize was recently offered by a paper for the best solution of the problem of how to keep husbands at home in the evenings. The prize was awarded for the following:—"A Quaker advised his son to keek his eyes wide open when courting; after marriage to keep them half-shut. If you do not act on the first part of the advice try the latter. Study your husband's disposition, and be sure to make a thorough study of your own. Try using a little tact, and a good deal of consideration for his wishes and feelings, and see if you cannot teach him to be more considerate of yours. Business is trying. Men like peace at home. If possible manage not to be worn-out. Be cheerful. Don't worry. Don't scold."

Apes as Employees.—A correspondent of a Ceylon newspaper states that large apes are now regularly employed in the Straits Settlements to pull cocoa-nuts. These monkeys are imported from Atchin, in batches, like coolies, and are marched round the plantations by their owners, who let them out on hire. A line is first attached to each of these peculiar laborers, and he is then sent up a tree, where he is said to select fruit with great discrimination, and to twist the nut round and round until it falls to the ground. Each fall of a nut is hailed by the hairy operator above with a jump and a gratified chuckle.

Wooden Legs.—None can tell the first instance of one of the lower animals being fitted with a wooden leg, but we can give one case in the seventeenth century. Dr. Edward Browne, the son of the celebrated Norwich physician, wrote in his diary, February 25, 1664: "This night I walked into St. James his Parke, where I saw many strange creatures, as divers sorts of outlandish deer . . . . a stork, which, having broke its owne leg, had a wooden leg set on, which it doth use very dextrously."

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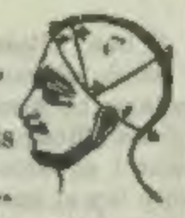

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
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Chicago Vestibuled Flyer	daily 6.45 p m
Through Sleeper to Chicago	
Chicago and Buffalo Express	daily 10.00 p m
Through Sleeping Cars	
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars)	w'k d's 8.35, 10 a m, 4.00 p m
W'msport Night Exp. (Sleeper)	daily 11.30 p m

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.20 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, (5.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (5.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.40, 10.30 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 10.00 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.30, 10.30 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 10.00 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m, Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

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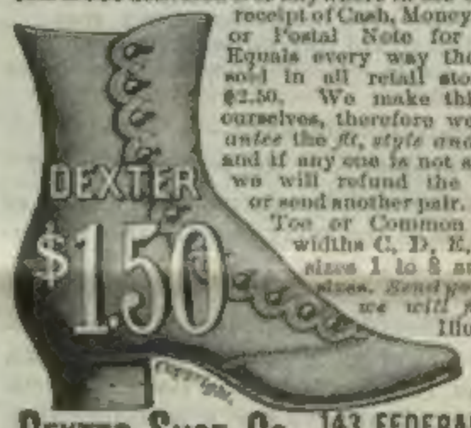

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